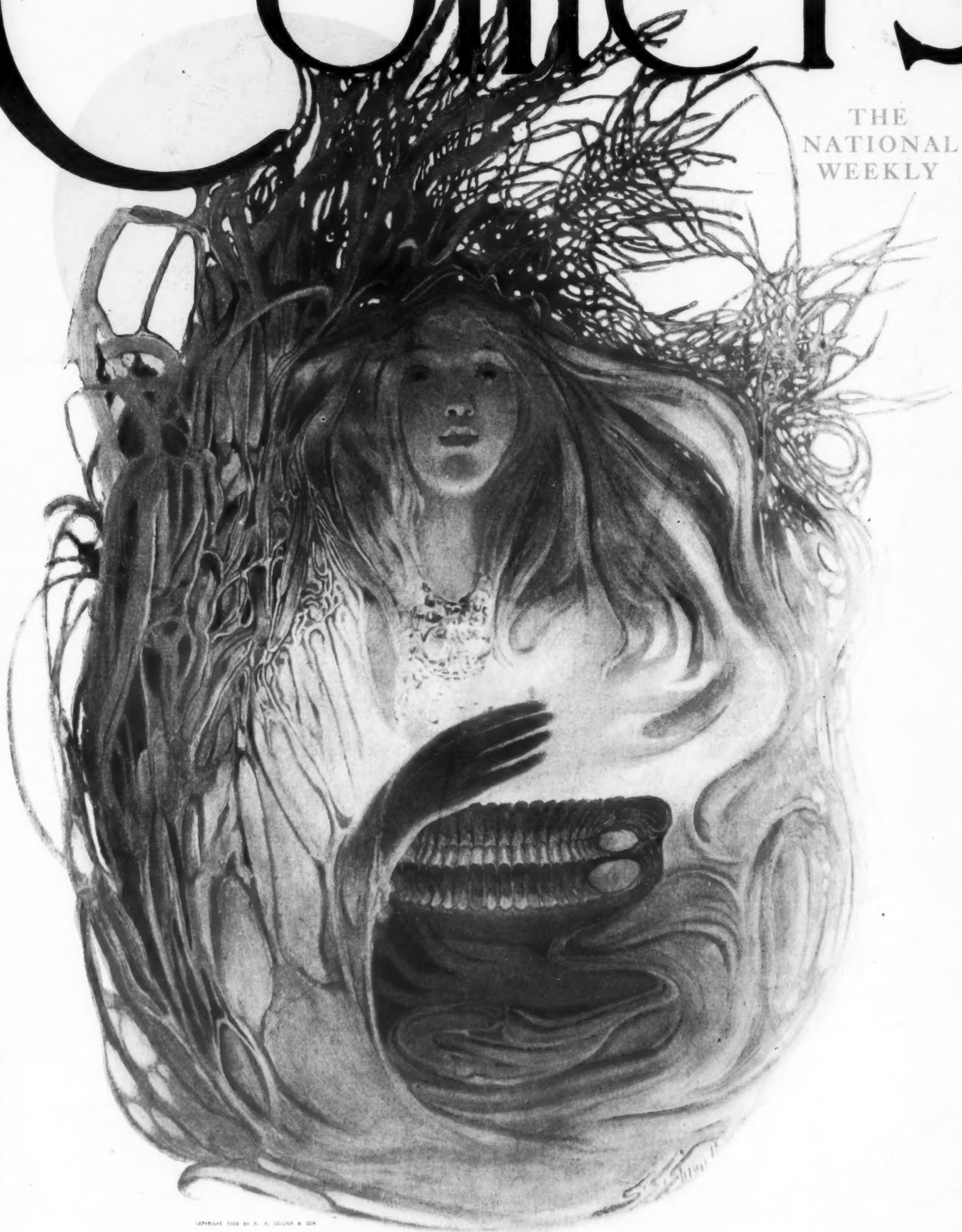


# Collier's

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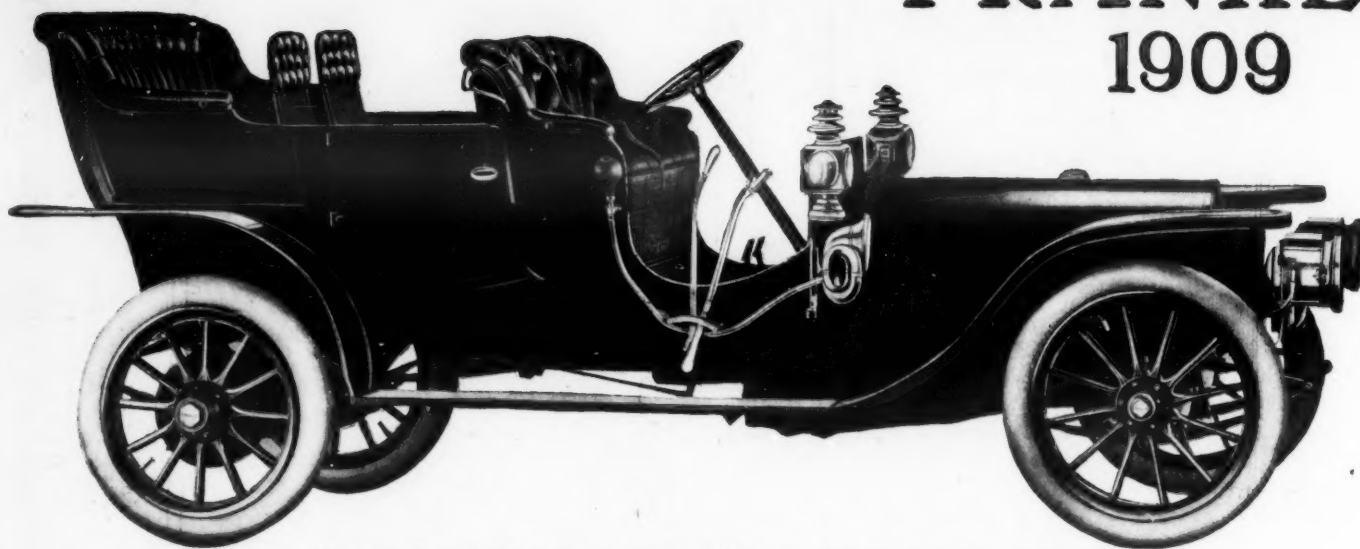
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OCTOBER 17 1908

"The Fires of Frost"

VOL XLII NO 4

# FRANKLIN 1909



Model H, Six-cylinder, seven-passenger touring car. Full elliptic springs. Built-up wood frame. Wheels 36 inches. Wheel-base 127 inches. 2500 pounds. \$3750.

Model H is the most refined example of six-cylinder engineering. It has no equal for quiet smooth vibrationless action, and touring-ability on American roads. It is noticeable for its symmetrical lines, its tasteful elegance, and its perfection of detail. Model H is without complications—absolutely simple. It is the most enjoyable of large touring-cars.

**You think you know what a comfortable automobile is. But do you realize all that comfort means? Do you know what makes it?**

**E**VERY Franklin model has four full-elliptic springs hung so that they take up road shocks from every direction, not merely up and down—very few road shocks are directly up and down. These springs have a "movement" of  $5\frac{7}{8}$  to  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The ordinary half-elliptic springs can move only two or three inches before the frame bumps.

The Franklin frame is of selected second-growth white ash built up in layers (laminated). This is not only stronger and lighter than the metal frames commonly used, but it does not transmit shocks as metal does.

Every Franklin has the largest wheels and tires used on any automobile of its weight. Model D weighing 2100 pounds has the same size wheels and tires as other automobiles that weigh 3200 pounds and upward. Everybody knows how much large wheels add to the easy riding qualities of any vehicle.

Franklin construction does away with the jolting and jarring. It gets rid of shaking and vibration—it makes possible an all-day ride without fatigue. You cannot get this luxurious riding-quality except in a Franklin. Besides this Franklins are the most comfortable to handle.

**T**HEN there is the mental comfort of safety and freedom from trouble and burdensome expense. There is the feeling of security.

The Franklin engines are exceptionally powerful for their size; and being air-cooled they have no weight of water nor water-cooling apparatus to carry. This makes Franklin automobiles extremely powerful for their weight; and simple. It allows them to be strong without being heavy. Their weight is well balanced. Their brakes are large and powerful.

It is no exertion to handle any Franklin. You can steer Model H, the largest Franklin touring-car, with one hand. It weighs less than 2500 pounds. You get away in it as quickly, and speed up or slow down or stop and "go about," as handily as with any runabout.

No automobiles of their power-rating can compare with Franklins in going and climbing ability. No heavy automobile is so easily controlled

and safe as a Franklin. And you get the full benefit of this on all sorts of roads.

In the Glidden tour the Franklin had none of the over-heating nor leaking troubles that delayed some of its water-cooled competitors; no mechanical difficulties. And a Franklin was the only contestant that had no tire troubles.

Franklins cool perfectly under all conditions. They have no radiators to leak; nothing to boil nor freeze. You can use any Franklin any day in the year.

**T**HE operating cost is low.

Of course a light automobile uses less power than a heavy one to do the same work. And Franklins use less gasoline than a water-cooled automobile to produce the same power. This makes them economical of fuel. Their tires are so large in proportion to the weight of the automobile that tire troubles are reduced to the minimum. This eliminates the chronic bugbear of automobiling. And it cuts down very materially one of the biggest expense items.

The materials and workmanship in Franklin automobiles are of the highest grade known in automobile construction. Franklins are built to resist shocks and at the same time absorb them. And there is less strain on a light-weight easy-riding automobile than on a heavy hard-riding one; which means less depreciation. This reduces owning cost.

Model H, the ablest of seven-passenger touring-cars, is far less expensive to own than any other automobile of its capacity. It is even more economical than many five-passenger automobiles.

The five-passenger Model D—practically a duplicate of the H, only on a smaller scale and with four cylinders—weighs a third less than the average five-passenger water-cooled automobile and costs at least a third less to maintain. The Model G—unique as a high-grade four-passenger automobile, and also built as a runabout—is proportionately able and economical.

The Franklin idea is common sense. High-power and light-weight combined with strength and easy riding quality gives you a practical and pleasurable automobile for use anywhere at any time. No heavy water-cooled automobile with a steel frame and half-elliptic springs—no matter what it costs, can give such comfort and safety and enjoyment.

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G 18 H. P. touring-car, \$1850. Runabout with hamper, \$1750. With single or double rumble, \$1800.  
D 28 H. P. five-passenger touring-car, \$2800. Or runabout, with single or double rumble, \$2700.  
H 42 H. P. seven-passenger touring-car, \$3750. Or runabout, with single or double rumble, \$3600.  
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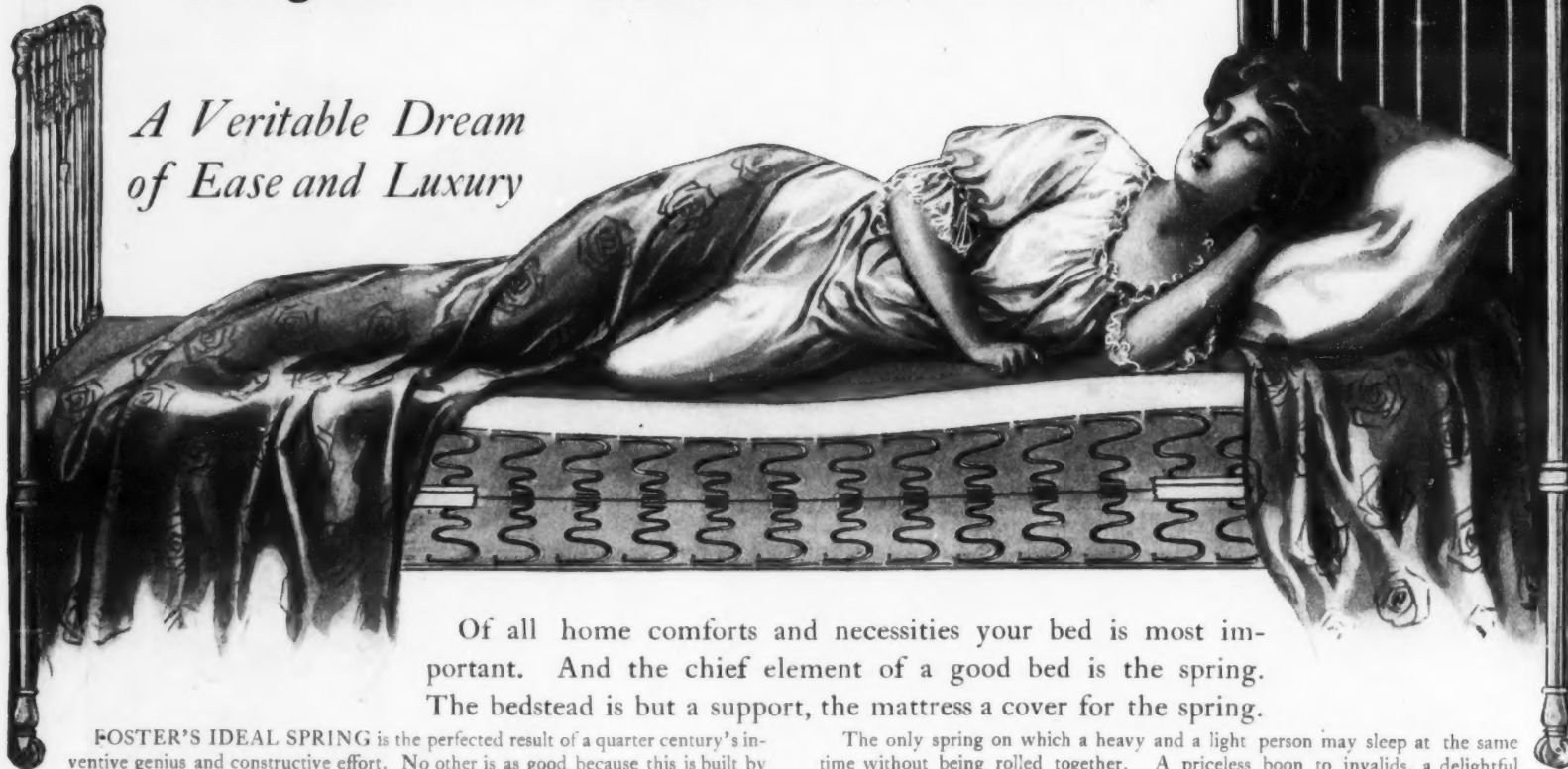
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Bring Rest and Comfort to all the Family

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FOSTER'S IDEAL SPRING is the perfected result of a quarter century's inventive genius and constructive effort. No other is as good because this is built by special machinery and processes of which we own the exclusive patents. Imitations lack the material and construction that have won general recognition of its supremacy.

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The only spring on which a heavy and a light person may sleep at the same time without being rolled together. A priceless boon to invalids, a delightful luxury for all.

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Sold by leading furniture dealers and department stores.



Showing independent support of both heavy and light persons at once



Showing crib with one side down as annex to mother's bed. Either side may be lowered

### Foster's Ideal Crib---Accident Proof

Is a mother's invention. It is designed to obviate the risk evidenced by the following newspaper clippings:

#### Baby is Hanged in Iron Bed

FINDLAY, OHIO, August 27.—The 7-months-old son of Mrs. Joseph Baker, living near Hawson, was killed today by hanging himself in an iron bed. After falling or crawling through the bars the child was unable to get back and in the absence of its mother was choked to death.—Chicago Record-Herald.

#### Baby Strangled in Crib with Bars

Mrs. Frederick Nichaus of 408 East Seventy-

ninth Street went downstairs for a moment yesterday afternoon, leaving her baby, eleven months old, cooing in his crib. On returning she found that he had pushed his head between the bars of his bed and was apparently dead. The frantic mother extricated the child and ran into the street, crying for help. Neighbors called Dr. R. Y. Ramenoss of 2004 Valentine Avenue and Dr. Riley of Fordham Hospital. They declared that the child had died of strangulation.—New York Times.

FOSTER ACCIDENT-PROOF CRIB has high sliding sides with close spindles, which may be lowered to place a sleeping child in the crib or to make it an annex to the mother's bed. Baby can't climb over the high sides or put its head through the spindles. Woven-wire springs, patented rail-fastener (on our cribs only)—guaranteed not to break. Different styles and prices. Enamelled white or colors.

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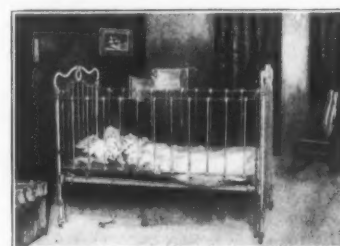
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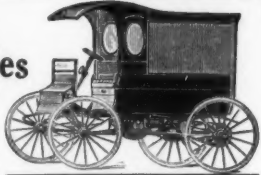
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# Collier's

Saturday, October 17, 1908



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Volume XLII

Number 4

## Collier's National Hotel Directory

<p><b>BALTIMORE, MD.</b> <b>Hotel Belvedere</b> A palatial new steel structure of 12 stories, all rooms outside with bath. Ball Room, Theatre, Banquet Hall, \$2.00 a day up. <b>The Rennet</b> Typical southern cooking. The kitchen of this hotel has made Maryland cooking famous.</p> <p><b>CHICAGO, ILL.</b> <b>Chicago Beach Hotel</b> 51st Boul. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. Only 10 minutes' ride from city, near South Park System; 430 rooms, 250 private baths. Illus. booklet on request.</p> <p><b>NEW ORLEANS, LA.</b> <b>New Denechaud</b> New Orleans' latest and most modern hotel. Built of steel, brick and concrete. Fronts on 4 streets. European plan \$1.50 up.</p> <p><b>NEW YORK, N. Y.</b> <b>WHY PAY EXTRA VAGANT HOTEL RATES?</b> <b>CLENDENING APARTMENT HOTEL</b> 196 W. 103d Street. Select, Homelike, Economical. Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath \$2.00 daily and up. WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET &amp; FOR FULL PARTICULARS.</p> <p><b>Broadway Central Hotel.</b> Only N. Y. Hotel featuring the foundation of enormous business. A. P. \$2.50. E. P. \$1.</p> <p><b>Hotel Gregorian</b> 35th St., bet. Broadway and Fifth Ave. Quiet. Refined. Suitable for Ladies unaccompanied. Rates, \$2.50 and up with bath.</p> <p><b>SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.</b> <b>Hotel St. Francis</b> In heart of the city opp. beautiful park, near clubs, shops and theatres. Every comfort and convenience. Acc. 1000. \$2 up. E. P.</p> <p><b>SEATTLE, WASH.</b> <b>Savoy Hotel</b> "12 stories of solid comfort." Concrete, steel and marble. In fashionable shopping district. 210 rooms. 135 baths. English grill. \$1 up.</p> <p><b>WASHINGTON, D. C.</b> <b>Hotel Driscoll</b> Fronting U.S. Capitol and Park. Near points of interest. New, modern. Free baths. E. P. \$1.00. A. P. \$2.50. Send for booklet.</p>	<p><b>WASHINGTON, D. C.</b> <b>National Hotel</b> Leading commercial and tourist hotel of the Capital. Modern and up to date in its equipment. A. \$2.50 up. E. \$1 up.</p> <p><b>Hotel Richmond</b> 17th and H Sts., near White House. Modern. A. &amp; E. Plans. 100 rooms. 50 baths. Ask Collier's. Booklet mailed. Clifford M. Lewis.</p> <p><b>CANADA</b> <b>CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.</b> <b>Queen's Hotel</b> Calgary, the commercial Metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 per day. Free 'Bus to all Trains. H. L. Stephens, Prop.</p> <p><b>NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.</b> <b>The Clifton</b> Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up to date. Open winter and summer. \$4 to \$6. American Plan. Booklet on request.</p> <p><b>HEALTH RESORTS</b> <b>BATTLE CREEK, MICH.</b> <b>The Battle Creek Sanitarium</b> The world's foremost Health Resort in physiological and dietetic methods. Two hundred kinds of baths; large indoor swimming pools, palm garden, electricity, massage. Swedish movements, mechanical vibration, delicious unadorned health cuisine, trained nurses. Delightful dining room on top floor. Luxurious modern appointments. Perfect warmth. Invigorating Michigan climate, six hundred feet above sea level. The ideal place to rest, recuperate, and build up permanent health. Beautiful Souvenir Portfolio FREE. Box 73, Battle Creek, Mich.</p> <p><b>BILOXI, MISS.</b> <b>Gulf Coast Health Resort</b> For the sick, convalescent or weary. Airy rooms; sea-breezes and sunshine. Write for pamphlet.</p> <p><b>CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, PA.</b> <b>Hotel Rider</b> America's foremost "All the Year" Health, Recreation and Rest Resort. Medicinal Min' Waters. Sanitarium Treatments. Delightful surroundings. Acc. 600. Both plans. Reasonable rates.</p>
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*Compels complete relaxation of every muscle.*

The back and seat are one piece. When the back is raised or lowered the seat moves with it. *Always the same comfortable curve!*

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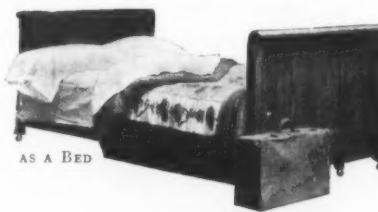
Look for the trade-mark. It means Streit workmanship and quality in the most comfortable chair ever built.

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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

# Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, October 17, 1908



## Dramatic Number

Next week's Collier's will be a *Dramatic Number*, recording what has already got under way in this season's theatrical offerings, and what the coming months promise. And the same issue will contain several articles interpretative of more lasting phases of the drama than the merely local popular plays.

Richard Harding Davis writes "On a Certain Ingratitude in Critics." He warmly defends *First-Nighters*—the child actresses, the smart dressmakers, the Ladies of the Gold-Meshed Purses, the men of the white waistcoat and the bulging shirt front bursting with fat pink pearls. And then he passes on to lash our present-day crew of dramatic critics. Lightly he flicks the "newspaper comedian who regards the men and women on the stage only as persons in a pillory. To him, to see his name on an ash-can, under some such stirring quotations from his deathless prose as: 'A chuckle every minute;' 'It will make Comstock sit up,' is *Fame*." Then he turns him to the more important colleague—the dramatic critic who is a misanthrope. "If it makes him unhappy to be a dramatic critic, there are other callings open to him."

An article on "The Sere and Melo-Drama" tells how the down-town shockers, that nightly thrill the Boxery and Fourteenth Street and Eighth Avenue and Halstead Street and the other blue-light avenues, are constructed. It shows you "Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl" and "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model" in the making—how to build a play from a formula, how many tragic situations to the minute. The article further tells of the busy clicking typewriting machines of college graduates, highly cultured alumni, who are living in comfort on the proceeds of the melodramas that they write as their daily work and profession. Think, if you will, of a Greek scholar dwelling on Riverside Drive, whose delightfully easy income is the product of dark, handsome villains and heroines who live in the midst of alarms, shot at, stabbed, choked, leaping chasms, climbing clotheslines, victims of the burning fiery furnace and the dynamite bomb, and yet saved, always saved and rescued, at almost the last moment, by the clear-eyed young Hero, so pale and proud.

## Our Competitions

Two queries have come to us from writers who want to enter the competition for the prizes offered (\$50 for the best and \$25 for each paper printed) for 1,000-word accounts of (1) *Vacation Experiences*, (2) *Automobile Experiences*, and (3) *Experiments in Flying*. One writer asks: "Do you bar chauffeurs from the competition? You spoke about 'wealthy automobile owners.'" To him we reply: Certainly not. The best automobile stories, in reality, are those told by wide-awake drivers. They are what we want. Another prospective competitor for the *Vacation Experiences* prize asks if the articles must be true. Yes, for otherwise one purpose of the series would be defeated. First, of course, we want interesting articles; but, in addition, we want them to suggest to the inquisitive and the limited in purse a solution of the problem of how most profitably to use a vacation period.



## WHITTALL'S RUGS AND CARPETS

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The contract has just been awarded to B. Altman & Co., New York City, for furnishing this building with Whittall's high-grade Anglo-Persian Rugs, after much competition. They could have bought cheaper the quality of Rugs they specified, but chose to pay more to secure the Anglo-Persian.

### U. S. Treasury Department

has control of the furnishings in many public buildings throughout the country—and yearly contract for carpets for such buildings. Whittall's have just been awarded the contract for supplying Wilton carpets for the coming year. This is the fifteenth year they have been awarded the Treasury contract. Look for the name Whittall woven in back of either Carpet or Rug.

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An article that careful dressers buy repeatedly and exclusively must be superior.

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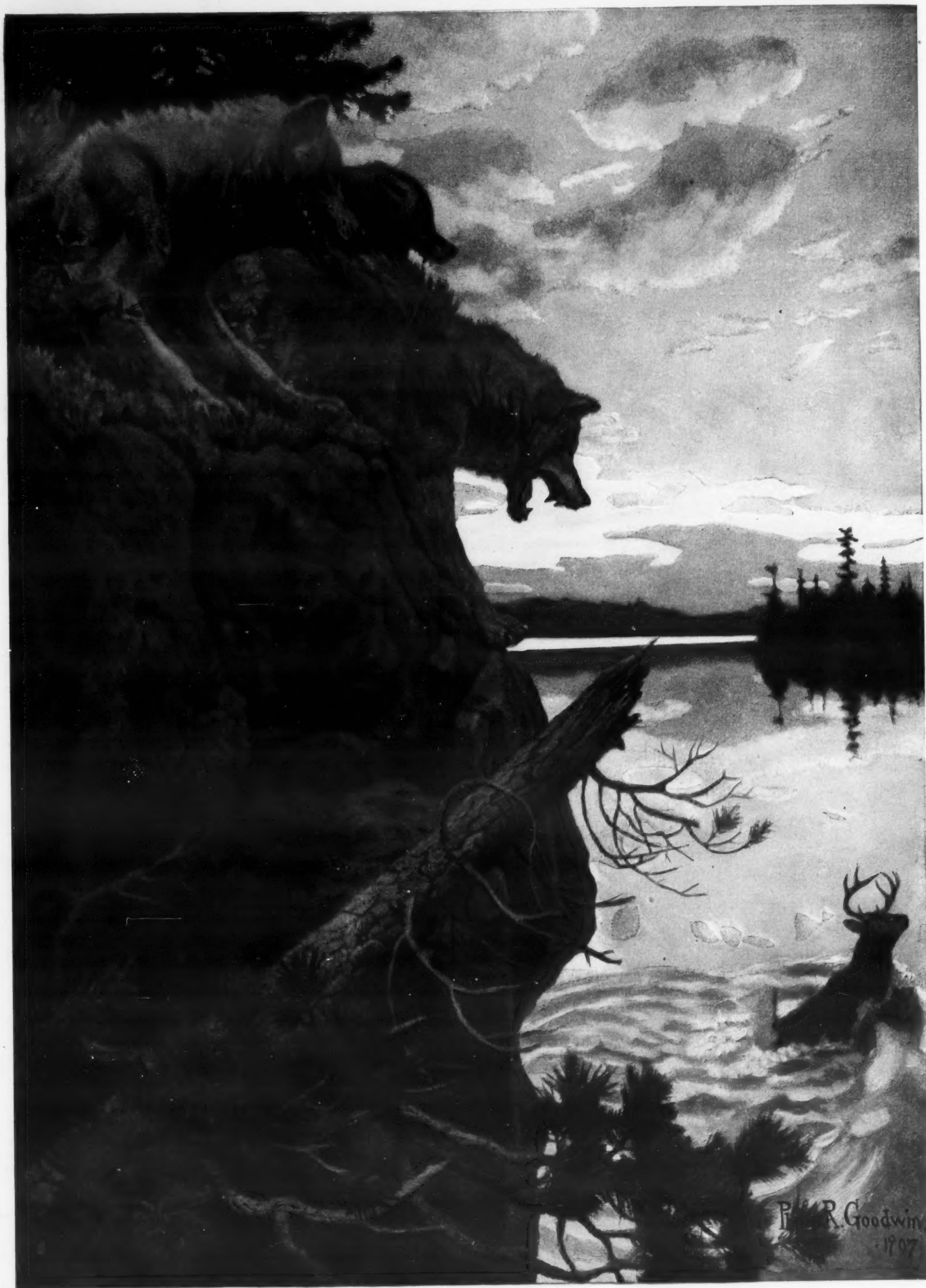
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# THE LOST QUARRY

Drawn by PHILIP R. GOODWIN



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# Collier's

## The National Weekly



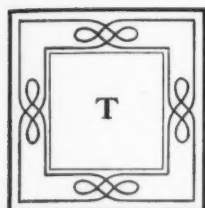
P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

October 17, 1908

### Freedom



THE CONQUEST OF LIBERTY is not now exclusively with cannon or with sword. Self-control, independence, knowledge—these are steps in the slow, eternal progress. As we look about the United States to-day, facing that test which comes to us on November 3, we see that our progress toward freedom will be measured by our ability not to follow blind ruts, but to decide each individual case aright. Let the rest of the country, on November 3, do as well as New Jersey did in vindicating COLBY, Washington in defeating ANKENY, and Kansas in defeating LONG, and one more point will be scored for the successful workings of democracy. In every part of the country there is opportunity for free thought and independence, but the following situations, to our mind, form the clearest illustrations:

1. It is to the credit of any Republican in the Danville District of Illinois to vote against JOE CANNON. He is harmful and obstructive. He is the greatest of obstacles to the people's government of themselves. Could he have been present at the Creation, he would have fought against the destruction of chaos. Established improper interests have everything to gain from him; progress has everything to lose.

*Even if you do not live in the Danville District you can vote against CANNON by refusing to vote for any candidate for Congress who does not promise to oppose the Speaker for reelection.*

2. If HUGHES is beaten in New York it will be a heavy defeat for progressive democracy. He has already done much to shake the machine oligarchy and hand back power to the citizens. If he is reelected, and gets through his reform in the voting machinery, he will shake the old system harder still. Enlightened and fearless Democrats should vote for HUGHES. Their votes are needed.

3. In New Hampshire the Republican candidate for Governor was selected by a railroad. If a Republican State Legislature is elected, it will probably send JACOB GALLINGER back to the Senate. Don't elect any Republican for the State Legislature unless he promises to vote against GALLINGER. About this gentleman and his record we shall speak more elaborately at some future time.

4. In Oregon national considerations should not be allowed to affect a question of honor now touching that State. In spite of primaries and pledges, Senator FULTON is still fighting. CHAMBERLAIN is not yet elected. See COLLIER'S for October 24.

5. In Idaho any candidate should be defeated who favors HEYBURN or opposes the direct primary.

6. Missouri usually goes Democratic. On the Governorship she surely owes it to herself to go Republican. HADLEY belongs to one of the best types of citizenship; his opponent to one of the worst. And FOLK deserves to go to the Senate as thoroughly as Gumshoe BILL deserves to stay at home.

7. In Iowa the standpatters first threatened to put forward WILSON and then selected LACEY, another of the same stamp, who ought certainly to be defeated in favor of CUMMINS.

POPE defined party feeling as "the madness of the many for the gain of the few." The worst failures of government in America have been connected with worship of the party label. In emancipation from this stupidity the Northwest is leading, but the signs become more favorable everywhere. The free man on November 3 will be the man who votes from judgment and ceases to be used as any party's rubber stamp. Political freedom has made most of its recent gains west of the Alleghanies. COLBY showed the other day in New Jersey, and the nomination of HUGHES showed in New York, that the machines are not all-powerful, even in the East.

### The Presidential Election

OUR REASONS for preferring Mr. TAFT to Mr. BRYAN are known. They can all be reduced to the belief that he is better equipped for the Presidency. Either would be free from improper influences. Either would be conscientious. Mr. TAFT is of better experience and of sounder mind. Mr. BRYAN is a believer in panaceas. His latest—the insurance of bank deposits—seems to us full of peril; almost as clearly as his free silver; and we are rather afraid of the Supreme Court appointments he would make. Mr. TAFT is less addicted to theory, more sure-footed, of more proved ability. His appointments in all departments will probably be excellent. Other things being equal, we should, this year, have inclined toward the Democratic nominee. But other things are not equal. Mr. TAFT is exceptionally equipped for the office. Mr. BRYAN has not the kind of mind to which we like to see the American people entrust themselves.

### The Leading Issue

THROUGH PLOT and counter-plot, through letter and reply, through manifesto and denunciation, still the issues may be dimly seen. In our opinion Mr. BRYAN has the best of it on campaign publicity, on injunctions, and on the tariff, but falls in the scale through general intellectual unfitness and through his reliance on patent-medicine finance. On this financial point, we do not think Mr. VICTOR MORAWETZ exaggerates when he says:

"There are individual banks in New York having deposit liabilities in excess of one hundred and fifty million dollars and a good many banks throughout the country with deposit liabilities exceeding fifty million dollars. To draw one hundred million dollars from the reserves of the national banks to pay off at once the depositors of one or two of these great banks, if they should suspend payment, would force the suspension of nearly all the banks in the country and would precipitate universal panic and disaster. What would such a guaranty have been worth during the recent panic, when all the banks suspended?"

It is folly to attempt an analogy between guaranteeing bank-notes and guaranteeing deposits. New York once tried guaranteeing notes, and the system worked admirably. She then tried (by a different understanding of the same law) guaranteeing other liabilities, including deposits—the State immediately became demoralized, and the whole scheme was dropped. Canada guarantees bank-notes, but has no thought of guaranteeing deposits. It is our sincere belief that Mr. BRYAN fails to see any difference. The issue of bank-notes is a strictly limited privilege, easily limited and controlled. Deposits are mainly nothing but credits, and to guarantee credits means to tie all business, safe and dangerous, into one whole, to be destroyed by recklessness of the speculative and unsound. This danger, pointed out with brilliant clearness by Mr. HUGHES, Mr. ROOT, and other men who understand finance, remains entirely without an answer. Here is another summary by Mr. MORAWETZ:

"When times are good and business is prosperous, the weaker and speculative banks would be helped to expand their credits and to increase their loans, but in times of stringency and threatened trouble the strong and conservative banks would be forced to contract their credits and to refuse accommodation to their customers. . . . The tendency of the plan, therefore, would be to cause expansion of bank credits when conservatism is desirable and to cause contraction of bank credits in times of stringency when credit is most needed in order to prevent panic and disaster. . . . The only way in which this guaranty plan could possibly inspire confidence is by leading people to believe that the plan furnishes security, which it does not in fact furnish—in other words, by deceiving the American people into a false sense of security. The plan can prove successful only by operating as a gigantic bluff that will never be called. The American people can not be fooled in that way."

It is a bunco game, a piece of Peruna quackery, and, as a financial drug, it is in the same class as the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, ranking with Liquezone and with Hostetter's Bitters.

### About That Wolf-Dog

JACK LONDON in written argument is easier to judge than JACK LONDON as a nature-writer, where the data are a good many miles from the railroad. He accuses the President of holding that "animals do not reason," of asserting that "all animals below man are automatons and perform actions only of two sorts—mechanical and reflex—and that in such actions no reasoning enters at all," and that "man is the only animal capable of reasoning and that ever does reason." Against these statements LONDON hurls five thousand words, most convincing. To those who have never read what the President wrote about LONDON, or who have forgotten it, the novelist's reply is not robbed of impressiveness.

by the fact that the President never made the dummy statements which LONDON belabors, LONDON taking advantage of his own indiscriminate use of the terms "wolf" and "wolf-dog," to make the controversy easier for himself by making the President say what he never said.

"President ROOSEVELT," says LONDON, "accused me of allowing a lynx to kill a wolf-dog in pitched battle. . . . He must have read my story hastily, for in my story I had the wolf-dog kill the lynx."

The inference in this can hardly be unintended. LONDON did have White Fang kill a lynx—in one part of the book; in another place he had White Fang's father, the big leader of the wolf pack, not only killed but torn to pieces by a lynx. Whether a huge wolf, the strongest fighter among scores of wolves, "two and a half feet high and five feet long," could be killed by a lynx one-sixth its weight may be left to those familiar with such matters. If LONDON's field observations in the wild are no more accurate than his recollection of his own writings, he fakes nature as he certainly fakes material against the President.

#### An Exceptional Case

FROM VERMONT come words of good cheer. In a recent issue of the Chelsea "Herald," a contemporary sheet published every week, we find the following item:

"Uncle WARREN BRAMAN of Washington was in town Tuesday. He is ninety-two years old and voted the first time for ANDREW JACKSON. He has voted for every Democratic candidate for President since. His general health is pretty good, and he was to be found in the hay-field every day during the cutting of three farms."

Good for Uncle WARREN BRAMAN! May he long be active in the hay-field; and, considering his other sterling qualities, may he vote for whomever his party hands out to him in 1912. Politically, the individual makes very little difference in Pennsylvania and Vermont.

#### The Future of a Strong Man

RUMOR SAYS that ELIHU ROOT is to go upon the Supreme bench of the United States. We hope that rumor is at her usual habit of misleading. Mr. ROOT would make a brilliant judge—one of the most powerful the court has ever had. In all probability he would be fair. Probably he is big enough to take truth for his client and treat those who once employed him as independently as he would treat any less potent group or individual. Even by the policies of the Administration which appointed him he might be unmoved. He might well attain what BURKE called "the cold neutrality of an impartial judge." Long before HARRIMAN made that famous declaration to SHERMAN, ALEXANDER POPE wrote:

"Judges and Senates have been bought for gold."

It has always been sometimes true. It has always been believed. And this belief is of measureless importance. Listen, therefore, to the words of DANIEL WEBSTER:

"There is no happiness, there is no liberty, there is no enjoyment of life, unless a man can say, when he rises in the morning, I shall be subject to the decision of no unwise judge to-day."

ELIHU ROOT, as a judge, might act always with impartiality as well as with knowledge and ability; but the public, knowing that he has played the advocate's game somewhat cynically in the past, would never believe in his judicial fairness if he were called upon to test it in the future. So why destroy confidence needlessly?

#### By the People

THE GREAT MUNICIPAL AQUEDUCT now being built by Los Angeles, photographs of which are published on page 23 of this issue, is a typical example of the people working for themselves. This ambitious engineering task was first proposed by a man who would have made the work a private enterprise. The people of Los Angeles declined. They have gone ahead with the work themselves so far as possible, used their own citizens, and thus far they have done it as effectively and considerably more cheaply than it would have been done by private corporations. In this kind of cases there is increasing a preference that, so far as possible, the people shall do their own work.

#### Cap and Gown

THE COLLEGES ARE OPEN for another year's assistance to the rapidly increasing thousands who are able to enjoy the opportunities of the higher education—a noble weapon, to be given in the future to a far greater proportion of humanity than have ever enjoyed it in the past. Many of these youths are indolent, and merely follow an easy fashion, but there remains the traditional type of student—the man who will study before the glowing ribs of a fire if there be no other way to see. The scholar exists, and toils as earnestly and unremittingly as of yore, and always he dreams:

"A drudging student trims his lamp,  
Opens his Plutarch, puts him in the place  
Of Roman, Grecian; draws the patched gown close,  
Dreams, 'Thus should I fight, save or rule the world!'"

And the dream, idly born in some midnight hour, becomes an abiding vision—an ideal which stands as a beacon ever before the scholar who has sat in patched gown and slippers, compiling and mulling. Educa-

tion is the most important of interests, because it is the path to the highest power, the worthiest ideals, the truest freedom. Without it man seldom can reach the best possibilities that are his.

#### Self-Respect

COMPOSED OF LEADING NEGROES from all parts of the world, the Colored National Baptist Association passed a resolution to the following effect:

"Whereas, Our people for nearly half a century, because of the uncomely and deformed features of negro dolls, have spent thousands of dollars on white dolls; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That we do here and now give our endorsement and hearty approval of the negro doll factory, and not only urge the patronage of the people of our churches as Baptists, but of the race at large throughout the United States—the mission of the doll factory being to make little black dolls that approach in prettiness the faces of the cheerful little black mothers who will nurse them."

This is an act which will assist children to idealize their own race. There is more involved than appears on the surface in encouraging little negro girls to clasp in their arms pretty replicas of themselves. The white race does not monopolize beauty or loveliness, and it will be a happier day for all when this is realized

#### Divorce

VARIOUS OPINIONS have been sent to us recently on the subject of divorce. To many, of course, marriage is an indissoluble union, a sacrament, not a civil contract, and divorce in this view becomes impossible. Among those who look upon marriage as a civil contract, the principal scandal grows from two causes. The differences in the State laws enable the rich, by residing a while in some such spot as South Dakota, to procure release at will. The other cause of scandal in this country is the readiness with which the courts and referees allow the laws to be evaded; unlike England, for instance, which has an officer of the Crown whose duty it is to prevent collusion. The most interesting contribution which our mail has brought on this topic takes us far away from the conspicuous divorces of the rich and from newspaper accounts of "affinities," and draws a picture from the wide observation of an official court reporter. The instances of mere whim he estimates as two or three among a thousand. The rest are much alike. While the husband now and then appears as complainant, the great majority of the actions are brought by the wife, the most usual grounds being cruelty and desertion. Two typical cases are repeated day after day. First, take a charge of cruelty. The husband is a man of violent temper, aggravated by liquor. He comes home intoxicated, chokes his wife, pounds her with his fists, and threatens to take her life. His habitual language in the house, in the presence of the children, is made up of oaths and obscene epithets. The children and wife are in constant fear. The other frequent case is that of the deserted wife, who is left, with young children, to struggle alone. If she has no relatives to care for the children while she works, she must give them away to some institution or to strangers, for it is seldom that a woman can keep young children and obtain sufficient work. Such are the cases that come by thousands into the courts, but they are not reported, with big head-lines, as the society divorces are. In any legislating such cases must not be forgotten.

#### "Nice"

A LONG WAY "DOWN EAST," in Maine, the trains stop at a village consisting of a post-office, a "depot," and a water-tank. Across a little shack, near the track, where all the passengers can see, was painted with sprawling brush:

#### "TINTYPES TAKEN"

"You have plenty of time. The train will stop here for ten minutes."

This has quality; but more unusual, in various ways, is the following notice, displayed one day recently, before a tiny shop in a Pennsylvania town:

#### "NOTICE"

"If the weather is 'nice' this store will be closed all day next Monday."

Evidently the shopkeeper wished to address his patrons in their patois, and at the same time felt that the slipshod distortion of the King's English in the word "nice" needed the apology of quotation marks. He must have been an educated man.

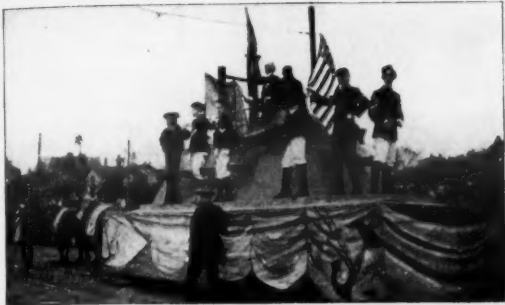
#### Cynicism

IN THE ADVERTISEMENTS of one of the companies now presenting "The Devil" in New York City it has been customary to insert in the papers each morning some quotation appertaining to the protagonist. SHAKESPEARE has furnished considerable grist. The other morning the following advertisement appeared:

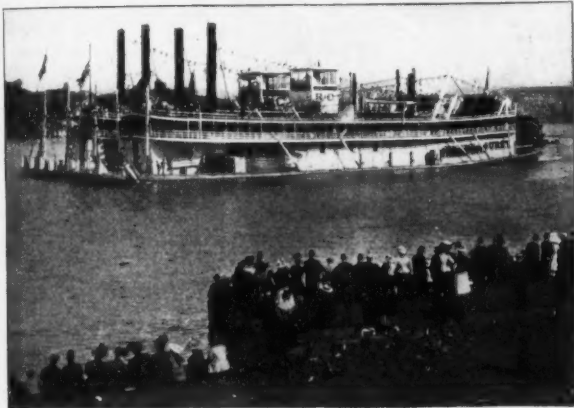
"The Devil would have about him women."—SHAKESPEARE. MAT. TO-DAY."

The press agent, doubtless, achieved a higher salary for picking a quotation so appropriate to matinee day. The rival productions of this play have caused almost an overproduction of cynical remarks. After watching the doings of the characters carefully through the three acts, one dispassionate observer observed, in a puzzled voice, that he saw no connection between the Devil and the plot; the same situations would have developed without his ministration.





Floats in the historical pageant: Navy of the Civil War; The Army of '61; French and Indian War of 1758—the ruins of a fort

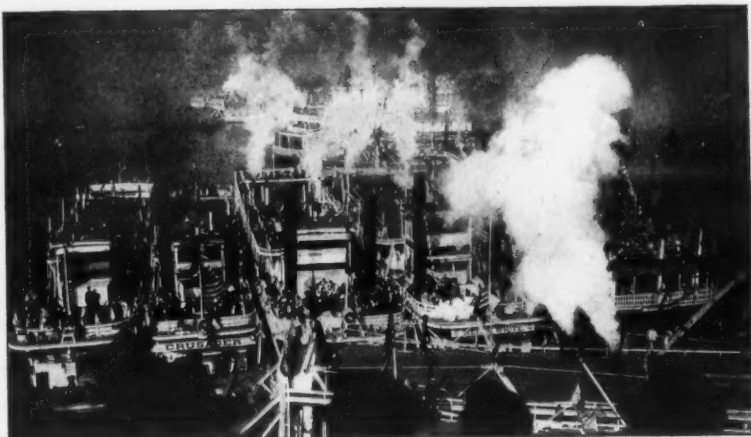


## Pittsburg Celebrates Its 150th Birthday

Photographs by  
JAMES H. HARE



The Pittsburgh Marina Parade of September 30, with the river boats singly and by twos in line



Steamboats of the river parade of September 30



A raft of logs, commemorating the log-floating days



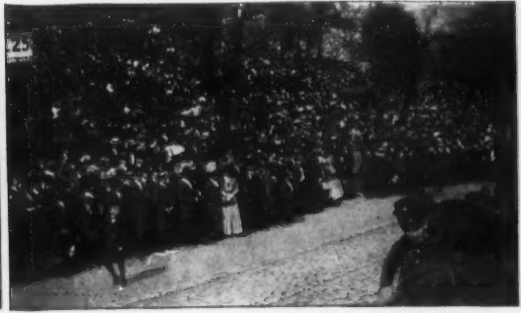
Canoe clubs in the river pageant



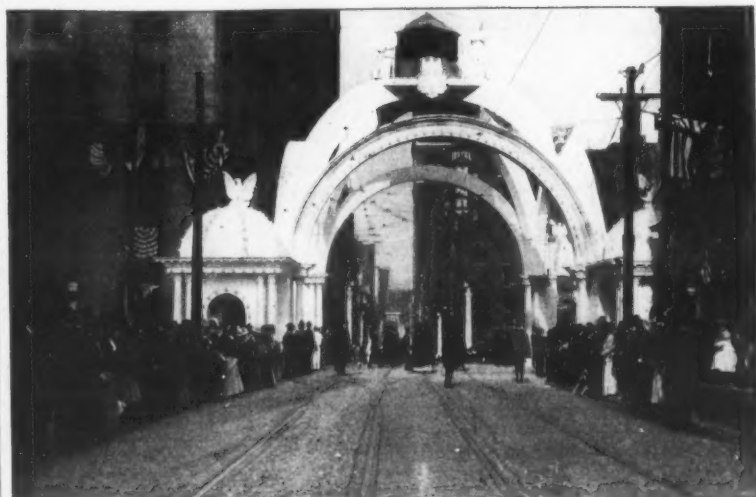
The crowd on and near the reviewing stand



Good order and good nature



Along the line of march



The Fifth Avenue Arch—the old Block House on the dome

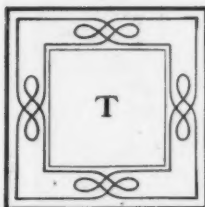


The Eighteenth Regiment passing under the Liberty Avenue Arch

# Twelve Years of Mr. Bryan

*1896-1908, A Period of Political Progress in Which  
New Doctrines Have Become Familiar and  
Radicalism Has Stepped Faster  
Than Its Prophet*

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE



WELVE years ago at the National Democratic Convention at Chicago a young man with a good head of hair and a full, fine, frank, youthful face ran down from the speakers' platform and took a sandwich from the hand of a friend behind the speakers' stand, and the young man, flushed and excited with the roar of the great throng in his ears, bit into the bread and said: "Do you think I made a hit?" The cheering of the tumultuous crowd drowned his friend's answer, which is, of course, immaterial, but from that moment until the present that young man has dominated the Democratic Party of this nation. It is hardly too strong to say that for twelve years he is and has been the Democratic Party of America; and it is only just to say that the Democratic faith which Mr. Bryan has been preaching all these years is as different a creed from that preached by the Democracy taught during the dozen years before Mr. Bryan's coming, and for a generation before that, as the Republicanism of today differs from that of President Harrison's day. Both parties have moved forward since young Mr. Bryan made the "cross of gold" speech in the Chicago Democratic Convention, and perhaps the best way to appreciate how far Democracy has come since then may be to consider issues before Mr. Bryan came into American politics and issues to-day.

## The Permanence of the Populists

IN THE great campaign of 1892 the most important issue was the tariff. It represented the limit beyond which no person pretending to be respectable politically cared to go in the matter of governmental interference in private affairs. There were, of course, the Populists. But they were the vandals of politics, and no decent politician cared to know them or their unspeakable creed. But certain Democrats in the South, seeing a well-organized opposition to the Republican Party in Kansas and Nebraska and the Dakotas, came up from Georgia and encouraged the Populist fight against the majority party in these Northern States. The result was Democratic-Populist fusion on offices and the retention by each party of its party creeds and party organizations. The Democrats got a few State and county offices, and a number of Congressmen as the result of the fusion, and the Populists impressed their ideas upon the Democrats unconsciously. For inevitably a man in office by grace of another man's vote is sure to take some heed of that man's opinion: so Congressman Bryan, elected from a district normally Republican and by more or less Populist aid, consciously or unconsciously considered the Populists' creed. He pitied, then endured, and then embraced, and he came to the Chicago Convention in 1896 nominally a Democrat, but the "cross of gold" speech and the idea behind that speech were so different from the creed of the Democracy of the organization that the organization had to be overthrown to let the creed behind the speech into the convention. When the motion to which Bryan was speaking prevailed, and the new creed was admitted, the Democracy of Bayard and Tilden and Thurman and Hancock passed into history. Therefore, naturally, it was upon a motion rising out of a quarrel over the report of the Committee on Platform that the famous speech was made. When the motion to which Bryan was speaking prevailed, and the new creed was admitted, the Democracy of Bayard and Tilden and Thurman and Hancock passed into history. And from that day the Populist Party ceased to grow.

Upon the theory that prosperity should come to all classes alike—a Populist dictum—the platform of the Democracy was made in 1896. The protest of '96 against legislation for favored classes of society lost much of its convincing power because the proposed remedy for the class legislation—the free coinage of silver—was unsound. And in 1900, when the same protest prevailed in the Democratic platform of that year, the insistence of the party upon the old rejected remedy impaired the cause of Democracy that year, and, under increasing

prosperity, the protest became a byword. So Bryan went to his ebb tide in American politics.

Unquestionably the shadow of Theodore Roosevelt was across the Democratic Convention of 1904, and in that shadow Mr. Bryan worked and wrote into the platform many of the new Populist doctrines. It was the demands of the Democratic platform, rather than the silence of the Republican platform of 1904, that indicated the course of legislation during the last three years. But it was the fear of Roosevelt that made Bryan prevail upon the Democracy to put these reform demands into the Democratic platform; and so with the defeat of Parker—a conservative—Bryan became the leader of his party; and Roosevelt, the aggressive leader of his party, became the practical exponent of the protest against inequitably distributed wealth. And the strength of the Rooseveltian protest came from the Middle West, wherein Populism, ten years before, had been rampant, disreputable, and highly unpopular with the very element of the community which stood by what is known as the Roosevelt policies. The bread of Populism cast upon the waters had returned after many days. It is worth while to digress a moment, to consider this curious fact: the new currency law adopted by the conservative element of the Republican Party this spring harks back to the dark dead days of 1890, when the farmers of the Mississippi Valley were demanding what was then known as the "Subtreasury plan." The farmers were bankrupt as a result of over-speculation in land, and they desired to be helped out of debt with an expanded currency based on their only available assets—the products of land—currency issued upon warehouse receipts for grain and farm produce. This year, when the brokers of Wall Street were hard up, as a result of over-speculation in the products of the Stock Exchange, they also desired to be helped out of debt by an expanded currency based on warehouse receipts for their only available assets.

*"FOR inevitably a man in office by grace of another man's vote is sure to take some heed of that man's opinion: so Congressman Bryan, elected from a district normally Republican and by more or less Populist aid, consciously or unconsciously considered the Populists' creed. He pitied, then endured, and then embraced, and he came to the Chicago Convention in 1896 nominally a Democrat, but the 'cross of gold' speech and the idea behind that speech were so different from the creed of the Democracy of the organization that the organization had to be overthrown to let the creed behind the speech into the convention. When the motion to which Bryan was speaking prevailed, and the new creed was admitted, the Democracy of Bayard and Tilden and Thurman and Hancock passed into history"*

same old Bryan. There is no new Bryan. He has not gone forward. Much of the spirit of the Omaha platform, or the Omaha platform, was embodied in the platform adopted by the Denver Convention, and the "crown of thorns and cross of gold" speech might just as well have been delivered in support of the Denver platform as in support of the Chicago declaration a dozen years ago. Bryan could have taken his party with him further than he took it in Denver, and if the country would follow as far as the Denver platform, it would be willing, as the saying is, to have at least a "look in" upon other vistas of reform. And surely the Populists of '90 were not the people, and wisdom did not perish with them!

Of course—and this beautifully illustrates the point—Mr. Bryan will reply that the Denver platform is half a league ahead of the Republican platform of this year.



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

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"IN THE years that have passed since that day of triumph, twelve years ago in Chicago, the face of the young man has grown more rugged. The hair has worn from his forehead. Lines of care have marked his kindly face. Maturity has stamped him indelibly. But his skin still is clear, and seems to reflect in some occult way an honest soul; his mouth is the mouth of a truthful man. His countenance is not scarred with the corroding knowledge that he has betrayed his faith. He is untainted and unspoiled, and his illusions still keep him gentle and patient and brave. But at the core he is still an agitator, whose mission is to arouse the people, not to rule over them. He is indomitable, but not just. He is strong, but not wise. His heart is right, but his head lacks training. And the times demand justice now—not enthusiasm. Mr. Bryan's election in November would stop the clock of reform because of his lack of intellectual strength. He has his place in the growth of the people, but his place is not that of an adjudicator. And the advocate should not feel that his work has been in vain if he is not called to write the opinion of the court. For his has been a successful life"

Which may be true, but it does not satisfy the charge that Mr. Bryan is the same old Mr. Bryan of the nineties. And the fact that he has sterilized the Omaha and Omaha platforms of the Populists, and is serving them to-day in a reasonably perfect state of preservation to the "militant Democracy," is evidence of his ability as a scientific politician; but it is not evidence of his intellectual capacity. Practically the only thing ahead of Mr. Bryan if he lives to run again and again is the advocacy of the initiative and referendum; for that is the only reasonable proposition left in the old Populist platforms not advocated at Denver.

And now a word is pertinent as to the party which he dominates. It was represented at Denver by the flower of its knighthood. If one who was dissatisfied with the Convention this year at Chicago and with the promoters of its campaign may be privileged to call them sordid, the adjective cheap should be granted to an unfriendly critic of the proceedings at Denver. But adjectives are dangerous, because they need qualification. And the word cheap must be applied only to what was unmistakably so.

## The Cheapness of Denver

THAT portion of the platform which criticized the Administration for adding office-holders to the payroll was cheap, when the same platform provides for a program of extension of Federal control over matters now outside of Federal control, that will multiply the number of public officers many times over the number complained of. For the Democracy which made the Denver platform is a Democracy advocating Federal control of everything that is out of joint. This Federal control in most cases seems necessary, and the demand for it from a Democratic National Convention is so gorgeously inconsistent with Democratic traditions that it is brave and fine and manly. But to object to the number of Federal office-holders created by recent enactments providing for a similar extension of Federal control is conspicuously cheap and disillusioning. It is the sort of thing which might be expected from the Mr. Bryan of '96, who honestly knew no better; but if there is a new Bryan, he was not at the telephone when this plank passed over the wires. The cheapness of much that was cheap in the "militant Democracy" of this campaign probably came to it with the Omaha platform. Reformers are never respectable. They are never careful of the proprieties. They are, for the most part, busy in being right. And the same hammer and tongs which welded the old Omaha platform in the early nineties for the Populists resounded at Denver when Oklahoma let out her barbaric yawp, that was heard



through the platform and in much of the debates, and is rampant in the campaign this fall.

But the Democracy of Bayard and Hendricks and Thurman and Randall and the gentlemen of the old school had less than one hundred votes in the Convention. That Democracy believed that government was the benevolent and, sometimes, near-sighted policeman. It was respectable, but not numerous. The present Democracy, after a dozen years of Mr. Bryan, seems concerned chiefly with being numerous. It calls itself militant. And, of course, war is what Sherman called it. It is glorious, but never tidy! Governor Haskell is entitled to that justification perhaps!

#### Democracy and the Mob

THE Democracy under Mr. Bryan is a new party, completely changed in its basic view of governmental functions; and that party, noisy in its advocacy of paternalism, came forth from Denver not at all to command admiration and respect for its chivalrous conduct in sticking to old error, but to get votes and win a victory. Bryan's Democracy has all the negligee enthusiasm of a mob, and all the childish courage of a mob. That it has made its impression upon this country is obvious. That it has made sentiment for its declarations must be admitted. That it will have a real usefulness in this nation no one can deny. But that it can or should win this fight—that is an open question, with the odds greatly against the affirmative. For the voice of the mob is essentially the voice crying in the wilderness. Mr.

Bryan was that voice in the days of the nineties. He was an agitator then. He has done great service to his country. He was needed in the scheme of things.

In the years that have passed since that day of triumph, twelve years ago in Chicago, the face of the young man has grown more rugged. The hair has worn from his forehead. Lines of care have marked his

kindly face. Maturity has stamped him indelibly. But his skin still is clear, and seems to reflect in some occult way an honest soul; his mouth is the mouth of a truthful man. His countenance is not scarred with the corroding knowledge that he has betrayed his faith. He is untainted and unspoiled, and his illusions still keep him gentle and patient and brave. But

at the core he is still an agitator, whose mission is to arouse the people, not to rule over them. He is indomitable, but not just. He is strong, but not wise. His heart is right, but his head lacks training. And the times demand justice now—not enthusiasm. Mr. Bryan's election would stop the clock of reform, because of his lack of intellectual strength. Over this block nations have stumbled in the past. When they have faced the contest between the weak and the strong, between those who have and those who have not, no leader has been found who could mark the line of fairness in adjusting the differences.

So civilization after civilization has fallen. Our civilization will survive only as it is just. And he who errs on the side of the weak errs just as fatally to the final settlement of this contest as he who errs for the strong. The equilibrium must be approximately attained, or justice is not satisfied. And Mr. Bryan's leadership is not trustworthy, because his life's business has been to protest, to pronounce, to proclaim, to cry out, but not to adjudge. He was as useful as the judge in his day, but this is not his day."

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but his place is not that of an adjudicator. And the advocate should not feel that his work has been in vain if he is not called to write the opinion of the court. For his has been a successful life.

#### Mr. Bryan a Moses of the Nation but Not a Man of the Administrative Temperament

IN A dozen years he has lived to see his protest against the inequities of the distribution of the wealth of the people become eminently respectable. In another dozen years, when he is still a hale young man of sixty, he may see many

demands of this Denver platform enacted into the law of his land. But his temperament is not the stuff from which Americans usually take their administrative servants. Moses gave the law, but he did not enter the promised land. And Mr. Bryan, the unchanged Mr. Bryan of '96, is none the less a real force in American affairs, no matter how the November election may turn out. For he has been one of the instruments used by Providence in bringing the people out of the wilderness of crass materialism into a wider, fairer view of life, as reflected in the laws and customs of the people. He has done what he could, and has done it always with an honest heart and a directness of purpose that may never be counterfeited by charlatans. And whatever material rewards may pass him, his place in the history of these times may not be gainsaid.

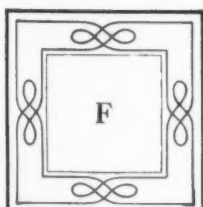


Emperor William in conversation with General Leonard Wood, of the United States Army, at Alsace-Lorraine, during the recent military maneuvers

## Traveling for the Presidency

Some Appalling Statistics of Mr. Bryan's  
Twelve Years of Branch-Line Journeyings  
Toward His Coveted Goal

By GEORGE FITCH



FOR twelve long and hotel-ridden years Mr. Bryan has been traveling for the Presidency, directly or indirectly. What other candidates have endured for a few feverish weeks, he has taken up as a life work. In his efforts to become the greatest statesman of modern times he has made a record which any commercial traveler might view with envy. Since that glorious but unlucky day in Chicago in 1896 when Mr. Bryan alluded, in passing, to the crown of thorns and cross of gold, he has traveled probably 500,000 miles. Probably four-fifths of this distance has been on slow trains. Not less than 50,000 miles has been on freight-trains. Think of riding 50,000 miles on a conveyance which averages a thousand jerks an hour! This, alone, is a big price to pay for the Presidency.

When Mr. Bryan's life for the past twelve years is analyzed the magnitude of this job of trying to talk one's self into the White House becomes stunningly evident. Mr. Bryan has averaged during his half-million miles of traveling a speech every fifty miles. He has spoken at conventions, rallies, Chautauquas, Epworth League meetings, baseball games, river excursions, old settlers' meetings, clambakes, barbecues, chowder gorges, and mobs. He has delivered, long and short, upward of ten thousand speeches. Possibly twenty-five per cent of these have been delivered with a sore throat; another twenty-five per cent through a larynx choked with prairie dust and railroad clinkers. The aggregate number of words pronounced in these speeches must have been close to 50,000,000. However, they were not all different words. Mr. Bryan uses some over again.

Almost any traveling man who sits down and looks over his career for the past twelve years will wonder how on earth he has stood it. Consider, then, the woes of Mr. Bryan, whose trials have been much greater than those of the ordinary commercial traveler. The latter finds comfort, after an exhausting and disappointing day, in making sarcastic remarks about the town in which he is stopping and the hotel in which he is imprisoned. Mr. Bryan must praise both. The traveling man may lock the door to his room and retire to Aus-

tralia or some other dreamland at nine o'clock in the evening if he wishes. Mr. Bryan must sit up until the last delegation of admirers has finished using his tired hand. The ordinary traveling man, when once he has boarded his train, can summon the newsboy and bury himself in the latter's choicest bit of literature until the next getting-off place. Mr. Bryan must not only make a speech whenever the train stops for water, but must talk kindly to the red-whiskered man who met him in '96 and who may control a delegate.

Mr. Bryan has, during the past twelve years, eaten or otherwise made way with over 1,700 meals at railroad lunch-counters. He is a survivor of all the bad lunch-counters in the country. He has run a block, eaten a meal, and returned to his train in the fifteen minutes allowed by the railroad companies in Texas. He has partaken of Missouri's exhibitions of mummified food and has assimilated the historical eggs in the lunch-counter at Aurora, Illinois, and the pink peach pies of the lunch-counters at Cleveland, Ohio. He has eaten 1,100 ham sandwiches during these twelve years—under compulsion because, as every wise traveling man knows, not even a lunch-counter cook can make a ham sandwich any worse than it naturally is. He has drunk 1,700 kinds of coffee at these places, and has thus learned every brand of elocution that is raised in Michigan. He has sat, morning after morning, with the elbow of his right-hand neighbor in his vitals and the elbow of his left-hand neighbor in his pie, and has thought, while eating, of a place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest—at least it was so until the present Administration.

Mr. Bryan has slept 1,789 nights in sleeping-cars in the past twelve years. There has been an average of five lumps to each bed. There has been an average of seven-eighths baby in each car; that is, there has never

been a fractional baby in any car, but the average just works out that way. In 587 cars he has slept directly over the wheels. In 1,178 cars the man in the next berth snored. Four hundred and eighty-seven times he has had to sleep in upper berths. Any fat man who has tried to put on his shoes in an upper berth will feel a thrill of sympathy here. He has accumulated enough cinders in his eyes and his clothes to build a dike eleven feet wide across the Missouri River.

In the past twelve years Mr. Bryan has run an aggregate of one hundred miles for trains. There is not a vehicle in the country over seventy-five years old in which he has not ridden to or from a railroad station. Six hundred and seventy-nine times he has stood at the ticket window, money in hand, and has waited fifteen minutes while the nineteen-year-old czar in charge of the way station has finished sending a telegraphic report of a car of hogs to the superintendent's office, and has paralyzed half a dozen travelers by answering their questions with incredible ferocity.

Nor is this more than a beginning of the tabulated travel woes that have beset the most persevering man of the age. Half a thousand times of winter nights he has wakened in a hotel room heated by the aurora borealis, and has hunted for his overcoat in the dark and his bare feet to use it for a quilt. Seven hundred and sixty-two times he has looked at the roller towel in the hotel washroom and has surreptitiously dried his hands on his pocket-handkerchief. Four hundred and eighty-two times he has found, just before train time, that his laundry has not come back. Eighteen times, reduced by the fortunes of war to one available pair of trousers, he has sat on the edge of his bed and waited for the tailor to bring them back newly pressed.

Mr. Bryan's has been the greatest endurance race on record. He has traveled farther for power than Caesar, Napoleon, or Alexander the Great, and has endured more torments in the name of ambition. As he sits in other places than in Lincoln, Nebraska, hot, uncomfortable, weary, the *pièce de résistance* of a show whose relishes consist of cane-racks, barrel organs, and nickelodeons, he must often wonder how it feels to be at the end of the 500,000-mile journey to Washington—and if, after all, the Presidency is any great reward for twelve years of promiscuous and branch-line traveling.



Searching for valuables in the ruins



Dead horse in corner of stables of Moynehan barn



One hundred and sixty-five specially built lumber sleighs



Looking east toward hotel site. Note the complete destruction of the place



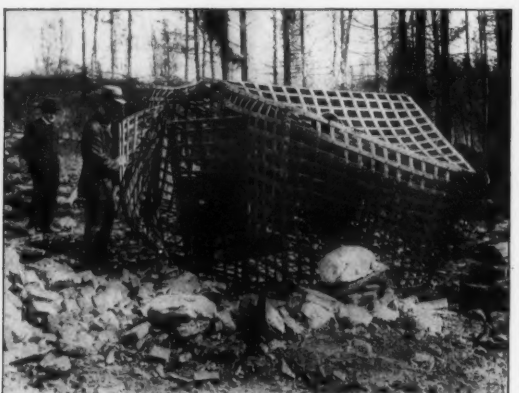
Railroad company's faithful fighters at work



Ruined train of forty-one cars in the path of the flames



A wagon bisected by a tongue of fire



Ruins of building and cells of the prison at Long Lake



Road tracks upon which a load of grain was standing



The site of the park, which consisted of hard pine, maple, and other beautiful trees



The woman from New York views her cottage-site



Hotel site at Long Lake



A general view of the ruined site of Long Lake

## The Blazing Adirondacks

**F**OR three weeks in September sporadic and destructive fires swept through the Adirondack forests in New York State, destroying a number of villages and much live stock. Fire-fighters were rushed to the burning region by the State Forest Commissioner and by the officials of the Mohawk and Malone Railroad, along the line of which, from Beaver River to Tupper Lake and beyond, the worst of the fires occurred. As was the

case in the Lake States, a long period of drought had made the Adirondacks in the region of Long Lake, Tupper Lake, and Saranac easy prey for the flames. The greatest damage was on the State forest reserves, though large private holdings were ravaged. The Syracuse photographer who took the pictures on this page wrote briefly of his experiences at Long Lake West and of his trip in from Syracuse. Railroad communication had been cut off, he said, "and as burned trees had fallen across the roadways and trails, and all bridges had been burned, I could not

drive in. I met a man on horseback leading a pack-horse, and induced him to let me ride the pack-horse the twelve miles in to the scene of the burned village. Everything was in ruins—the schoolhouse, the big general store, the whole place. Added to the destruction by fire was the damage done by the explosion of five thousand pounds of dynamite. Fortunately, at the hour, on September 27, when the wind sprang up and swept the lagging fire directly upon the village, two rescue trains were at Long Lake West. On these everybody was loaded and escaped. The first visitor to the ruined town reported only eleven things alive—a hen and nine little chickens that had taken refuge in a hollow log in a bog, and a scorched calf."





The distant hazy view of the Miller Cañon fire



Fire burning at the head of Miller Cañon, Huachuca Mountains, Arizona—one of the Far West September forest fires



A surface fire blazing in the Rock Pine Black Hills National Forest of South Dakota



Back firing—sending a blaze in the opposite direction to meet the advancing fire



Fire break six miles long in San Gabriel National Forest, California



Fire guard sixty feet wide along trail, Sierra National Forest, Tulare County, California



Another view of the Miller Cañon fire



A fall fire in the Appalachian forest



Building a telephone line in the National Forests. A telephone system gives instant communication with forest officers to report fires and have them speedily put out

See page 26

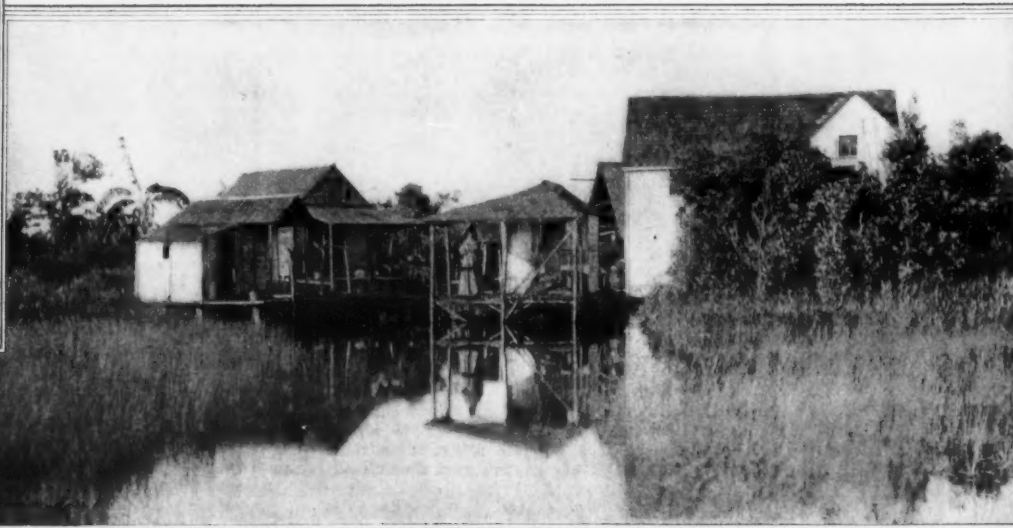
## Fighting Forest Fires

# A Vanishing Race

By A. W. DIMOCK



The Florida Seminole is averse to work in the fields; he makes a poor guide; whisky is his familiar. He is a hunter, lingering among conditions that give him no secure economic place.



The store constructed by Charley Tigertail with lumber brought from the coast at heavy cost

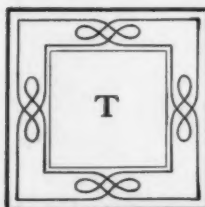


Side by side with the latest in coffee mills stands the primitive mortar and pestle used by the Indians for grinding corn—the Florida Seminole is to-day a relic surrounded by civilization

## The 275 Remaining Seminoles of Florida—Their Preference for Chasing Otters to Hoeing Tomatoes—Chief Motley's Playfulness with White

### Babies and Knife-points—Disease, Drunkenness, and Medicine Men the Probable Solution by Extinction of the Tribal Problem

Photographs by Julian A. Dimock



THE Florida Seminole is the incarnation of Hale's curious creation, "The Man Without a Country."

Once members of the great Creek family, the Seminoles of Florida have lost their tribe, their traditions, and their homes. Their own people have forgotten them. The United States has ignored them since the Seminole War, when their roster was lost. Payment of the Government debt to their tribe made plutocrats of their brothers in the West, but never a dime reached the members of the little band who refused to be driven from their ancestral home. But their Spartan courage has departed, the Juggernaut of Civilization has crushed their spirit, and in the cowed and cringing remnant there is no spark of the fire that flashed in "The Seminole's Reply."

The Government has no agent among the Seminoles, and the last guess at their number, made by the United States seven years ago, was 358. That fragment of the tribe has now shrunk to 275. We kill more than that number of our own people in a single first-class accident



Cane mills and their attendant stills are likewise to be found

to a steamship, on a railroad, or down in a coal mine. If the entire residue of the Seminole tribe, bucks, squaws, and piccaninnies, were turned loose on the hunting-grounds of Maine, Michigan, and the Adirondacks, and sportsmen shot as many of them as they do of each other, the tribe would be wiped out in a single season. Last year the measles carried off fifteen Seminoles in two months. When one of these Indians gets sick he is a "goner." If the disease doesn't fetch him, the medicine man will. This apostle of mummery will treat him to drastic bleedings, purge him with poisonous roots, and I have heard of his applying red-pepper poultices to inflamed eyelids.

The habitat of the Seminole has been the unexplored wilderness which is passing away. The title of the white squatter to wild land in the Big-Cypress-Everglade country is respected by everybody. That of the Indian never reached the substance of a dream. Engineers of Civilization are invading their country from the east; lumber, bark, and fruit-growing companies crowd them on the west; hunters swarm in their ancient preserves; surveying parties, pioneers of other enterprises, are locating the land of the Big Cypress; the State of Florida is draining away the water of the Everglades; the Anglo-Saxon aggressiveness is bumping the native American off the map.

Even missionaries, who rarely allow a savage to escape them, seldom camp long on the trail of the Seminole of Florida. One of them did settle near an encampment at Immokalee (Home), whereupon the Indians rose like a flock of quail and moved to the Big Cypress Swamp.

"If come Big Cypress, me *hiepus* (go), stay two years." Another, who aspired to teach the Indians, began by snapping a kodak on a half-drunken member of the tribe, despite the protestations of his victim. The interference of an Indian trader saved the kodaker from having his own face spoiled. The principal trader with the Seminoles recently sent me, with lurid comments, a copy of a late number of a well-known magazine devoted to the interests of the negro and the Indian. It contained an illustrated article by an alleged missionary among the Seminoles, and included an account of an exploration of the Everglades by the missionary-author, alone, in a canoe. Of certain Indians, mentioned by name and described as "Christian gentlemen," I could have supplied him with photographs representing them as gloriously drunken Christian gentlemen. The missionary's illustrations of the Everglades represented views with which I was familiar, but which I had never seen in the Everglades. His presence of mind, however, impressed me as phenomenal. For example, when, in the vicinity of Shark River, he was in doubt as to his exact location, he inflated with hot air, of which he appeared to have a supply, a fire balloon which he carried in his canoe, and, ascending four hundred feet in the air—But, as was said on a similar occasion: "What is the use of presence of mind when a man can lie like that?"

Aliens in their ancient heritage, the Seminoles lack the ordinary means of subsistence. They might exist without clothing—they don't wear much now—but their food supply grows scantier and more precarious, year by year. The snowy heron is nearly extinct, and the Indian must soon stop selling its plumes to the women of Vanity Fair. The white traders of the west coast now refuse to buy these plumes, but the half-civilized Indian who trades in them finds a congenial partner in the unlawful traffic among the white merchants of Miami. Otters have become scarce, and alligators, the present dependence of the Seminoles, are fast following the trail of the dodo. It is easy to command the Indian to work like the white man, or starve. His inherited racial limitations may compel the latter alternative.

#### Otters versus Tomatoes

ONCE interviewed a Seminole who had just poled his dugout forty miles to the store of a trader to exchange a score of alligator hides for fifteen dollars' worth of bacon, grits, and tobacco, to feed his family of twelve, squaws, piccaninnies, and patriarchs. We talked in the hodge-podge of bad English and broken Seminole with which the white man holds converse with the Indian, but when I suggested that deer, otter, and alligator, "bimeby *hiepus*," and asked: "Think so, Indian plant corn, potato, tomato, and sell?" the reply came like a bullet: "No!"

Sometimes Seminoles will work for farmers in the fields, but as laborers they are not to be depended upon. An Indian who had refused to do some light work for a dollar a day yet offered to get me a live otter, without trap marks or other injury, for a moderate sum. He spent some weeks in securing the creature, which he said he ran down on the prairie. Although the otter had bitten his thumb half off, the Seminole

seemed satisfied with his compensation, which was far less than he could have earned by much lighter work. Yet, after all, I sympathized with the Indian. I would myself much rather chase otters than hoe tomatoes.

Even in his own country of the Everglades, the Seminole is an unsatisfactory guide, and I much prefer, as an exploring companion, a white man who doesn't know the country to an Indian who does. The latter lacks stamina and resourcefulness, is easily discouraged, quite regardless of all contracts of service, and has to be coddled like a spoiled child. Of course, some are better than others, or, rather, some are worse than others. If the trail is dry and canoes must be hauled through mud and sawgrass, the Indian is liable to lie down and say: "Me sick *ojus*, want *whyome*," and if he doesn't get it, to throw up his job instant. Yet the Seminole is reliable in spots, with his own sense of honor, which, however, may not always run parallel with the more commercial code of the white man.



When these girls danced, it was simply rising and falling on the toes

Charley Billy, son of Miami Billy, was accounted a worthless Indian, yet he had certain ideas of honor that toted quite up to the paleface standard. His last trading was done at Everglade, after he knew that sentence of death had been passed upon him, and as he left the store, to return to his camp for execution, he turned quietly to the trader and said: "Me *hiepus*, Big Sleep come pretty quick." On his return home he was

shot, his body dragged out on the prairie, and left unburied, for beasts and birds to devour. The newborn child of the woman in the case was thrown alive to the buzzards, and she was given to wife to Charley Dixey, the half-negro executioner. Several years have passed, she has two piccaninnies, but the horror of the tragedy remains stamped upon her mournful face.

Charley Dixey and his negress mother were once condemned to death by the tribe, but Tommy Osceola, grandson of the great Osceola, obtained a reprieve, of



Their table equipment, although primitive, is equal to demands

fering himself as a hostage for their good behavior and pledging his life thereto.

The Seminole has a few superstitions, odds and ends of religious belief, and a distrust of white men, missionary men and Government men, increasing in depth in the order named.

During a trip through the Everglades and Big Cypress,



Charley Tommy was my interpreter, and frequently talked with refreshing frankness of his people.

"Charley Tommy, why you no come to Tampa, bring other Indians, see big show, get plenty money? You savey?"

"Me savey—want to go—old chief got no sense—won't let go—says don't like young men see much white men—may be so Big Sleep come pretty quick if go—sixty-five years ago Billy Bowlegs *hiepus* with white man—no come back."

"Think so you want your piccannies go to school, learn to read, have store and trade?"

"No use, old chief no want store in Big Cypress. Me savey, want to go school two weeks."

"Two weeks not enough, must go long time to learn."

"No, me smart, learn *ojus* (plenty)."

Occasionally a Seminole would talk of his religious belief.

"You talk sometime Great Spirit?"

"Unca (yes)."

"What you say?"

"Um, um. Me hunt two, three days, get no *echu* (deer); have big talk Great Spirit, get *echu*. Me want to go in canoe, no *oskee* (water); me talk Great Spirit,

cases he calls in the medicine man of his own people. I talked with Johnny Billy, medicine man, while he busied himself extinguishing a patient. Every hour or so he drained off a lot of his "bad blood," and in the intervals dosed him with sweet bay, snake root, and black root. He permitted his victim to eat turkey, but forbade deer, duck, and fish.



Miami Billy's camp was one of the first that we reached. Here the welcome was spontaneous—from the dog

Many traditions of the tribe have perished with recent deaths. Old Nancy, widow of the great Osceola, was a fountain of fact and fancy. Old Doctor, once chief, became garrulous in his later years, while Chief Motley, as a nonagenarian, continued to tell, with devilish detail, his "Lorna Doone" story of tossing white babies in the air and catching them on a big knife as they fell.

#### The Typical Camp

THE language of the Seminoles is like that of the Creeks. Much of the construction is by building up from root-words.

*Eche* is tobacco; *eche-polka*, cigar; *wakana* is cow; *wathes*, teats, and *wakana-wathes*, milk. There are often

away they are fed up to the center, where a tiny fire suffices for the simple requirements of the Indian. The arable soil about the camp is devoted chiefly to growing corn and sugar-cane. An old cane mill and a still, crudely constructed from an iron pot with a wooden cover, a length of iron pipe and a box of water, utilize the sugar-cane in the way best appreciated by the Indian.

Under the influence of liquor the Seminole is quarrelsome, bites like a dog, fights with his companions and all the members of his family, but seldom with white men, whom he fears even when in his cups. Whenever these Indians carouse, one of the party keeps sober, to look after the others. The corn-dance of the Seminoles is a carousal which begins with the new moon in June and lasts from ten to twenty days. The Indians walk around in a circle twenty or thirty yards in diameter and talk until, at a signal of a scream, they jump up and down. The ordinary dance of the squaws consists of a perfunctory rising and sinking motion caused by bending the knees, and is utterly unattractive. Sometimes the younger girls vary the monotony of the performance by a rough-and-tumble wrestling match, which is exciting enough, but exasperating, because the sight



We met the squaws of Henry Clay and Miami Billy poling a Seminole dugout. They had walked twenty miles through the Cypress and had twenty more to go in the canoe to reach the store. Twenty miles of Everglade travel is "some different" from twenty miles on a macadam highway

*oskee* come *ojus*. Me bury one more Injun; he buy pipe and sugar water, make *whyome*, drink *ojus*; me tell him stop, he no stop, drink, drink, all same white man; me bury him, then me say lilly bit."

#### Treatment of the Dead

SEMINOLES bury their dead on top of the ground, after wrapping them in blankets, but always leave the top of the head exposed. They build a pen over the body and usually chink it with earth. When his squaw dies, the husband wears his shirt until it rots off, which is not strikingly distinctive. When the husband dies, the squaw doesn't comb her hair for three months. Little reverence is shown for the dead. When Tom Tiger's grave was robbed and his bones taken for exhibition, the outcry over the desecration was almost wholly a newspaper affair. The nearest settlers were unalarmed, and the Indians indifferent.

Mr. Storter, a trader on the west coast of Florida, asked Johnny Osceola about Indian debtors.

"No pay one year, all right; no pay two year, get



The Seminole fire is a model of labor economy. Logs radiate like spokes of a wheel. These are pushed together to make the fire, and pulled apart when the cooking is done

other Injuns with big sticks in line, make him run between, hit him one time for every dollar."

"Little Billy, he pay me?"

"Unca, he good Injun, he pay."

"Billy Tommy pay me, think so?"

"Dunno, lazy *ojus*, no hunt. Injun just like white man; some pay, some no pay, some good, some *holo-waugus* (bad) to hell."

"Think so bad Injun go Happy Hunting Ground?"

"No! Me think so, Injun after Big Sleep come to big river with pole across it, pole pretty slick, bad Injun fall off, *albate* (alligator) catch him. Good Injun get across pole to Happy Hunting Ground."

"You think white man Happy Hunting Ground like Injun?"

"Unca, Injun hunt *albate*, sell him George Storter, same as here."

"You think Injun ever fight white man any more?"

"No use, white man all round, Injun in middle."

For slight attacks of sickness the Seminole often takes the medicine of the white man, but in serious



Our conveyances for the trip were two Ontario canoes. These were like rocking chairs when the water was deep, which wasn't often, but lacked adaptation when we had to haul them over boggy mud and sawgrass under the blaze of a tropical sun

two words with the same meaning, probably to mislead aliens. *Pancica* and *fightee* both mean turkey; *loskee* and *nokanossee* mean old, and *whyome* and *kehone*, whisky.

The Seminoles live in widely separated small colonies, consisting usually of five or six families. A typical camp covers about an acre of dry land, and consists of four rather attractive buildings of poles and palmetto leaves. The roofs are large, high, and extend to within four feet of the ground. The earthen floor is nearly covered with large tables, three feet high, on



The story of this Afro-Indian, Dixey, is dramatic

which the Indians eat and sleep. In the center of the camp, between the larger buildings, is the cooking camp, which consists of a circular shed. Under this is a campfire, from which logs of wood radiate like spokes from the hub of a wheel. As the ends of the logs burn



A hunter's camp on a small key in the Glades. The men were hunting in the Cypress. Squaw-like, the women had vanished at sight of the camera

of a camera sends them to cover so quickly. Casualties are not uncommon during these festivities. I heard an Indian report to a trader an occurrence at a recent corn-dance.

"Doctor Jimmy, he kill squaw Jack Buster."

"Shoot her with a gun?" asked the trader.

"No, killed it with stick. He drunk." Nothing was done by the tribe or the husband, but a few weeks later the measles and the medicine man killed both Doctor Jimmy and Jack Buster. On another festal occasion Jimmy Jumper, a half-negro member of the tribe, ran amuck and killed five Indians before he was shot down.

*Mackillessee*, the Indian name of a trader whose store is in the Everglades, gives a Christmas dinner annually to the Seminoles, which is usually attended by nearly half of the tribe. The Seminole who described the latest affair to me expressed himself idiomatically:

"Mackillessee—set 'em up—pie—sure Mike."

#### A Seminole Marriage Separation

INDIAN hospitality expresses itself negatively. You are expected to dip either your hand or a big wooden spoon into the family pot when you are hungry, and



Tragic as is the face of Dixey's squaw, her troubled and picturesque history is infinitely sadder

no one helps or hinders you. The squaws are diffident, or reserved, especially in the presence of male Indians, and it is sometimes embarrassing to speak to one or offer her a trinket without eliciting an indication that she is conscious of your existence.

Marriage ties are lightly regarded, and a Seminole separation is as simple as a Dakota divorce. If a married couple come to blows, the non-resistant can light out, and Indian ethics are complied with. When Tommy Osceola's squaw got drunk and pounded him, he didn't strike back, but left her and the camp and married a widow with six children, who was twenty years his senior. The tribe inflicted no additional punishment.

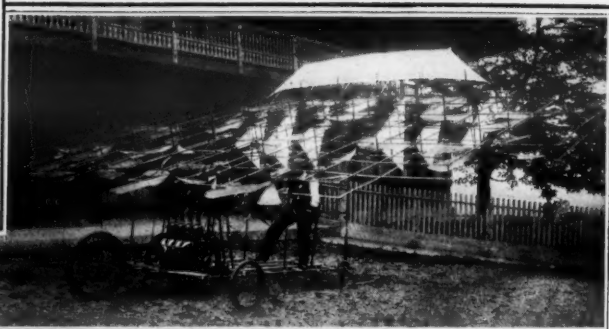
Numerically, the Seminole represents five per cent of the immigration of a single day through Ellis Island. Intellectually and economically, his percentage is negligible.

A speedy solution of the problem could be reached by letting him alone, to be disposed of by disease, drunkenness, and medicine men.

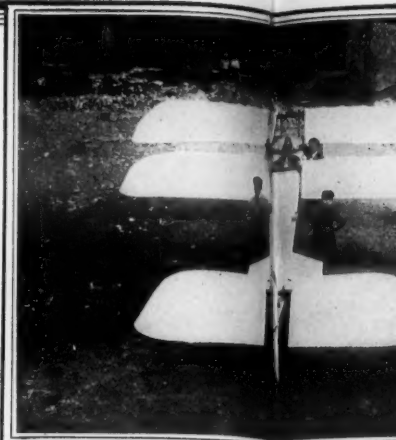
What humanity and moral obligations demand is quite another question.



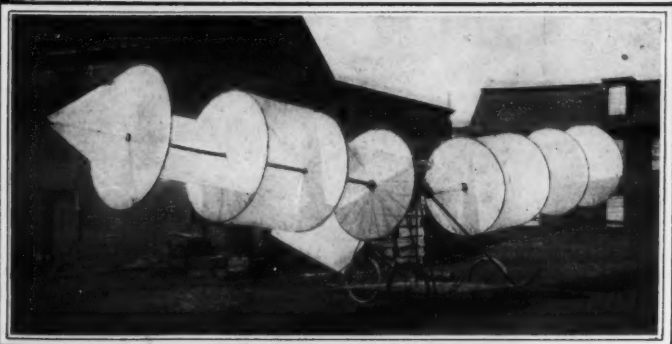
*Invention of an Italian, constructed at Norbury, London*



*Wilbur Kimball's helicopter—the rotating surfaces supply the lifting power*



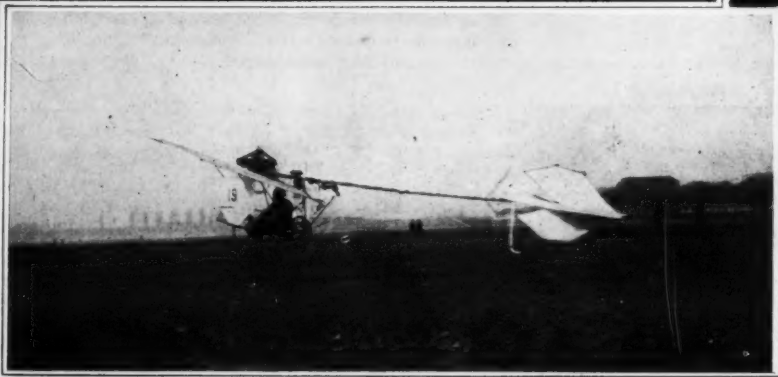
*The monoplane of Ickhoff and Koech*



*Front view of a new revolving aeroplane*



*A modern Icarus—what and his wing*



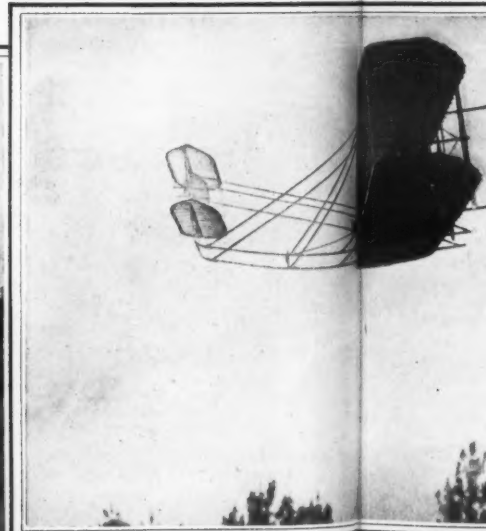
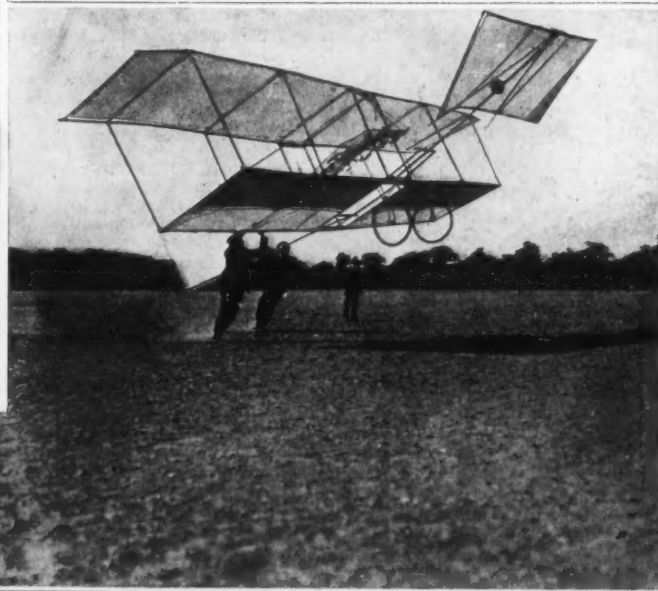
*The Santos-Dumont No. 19*

# Man's First

*The Sprouts of To-day that Point*



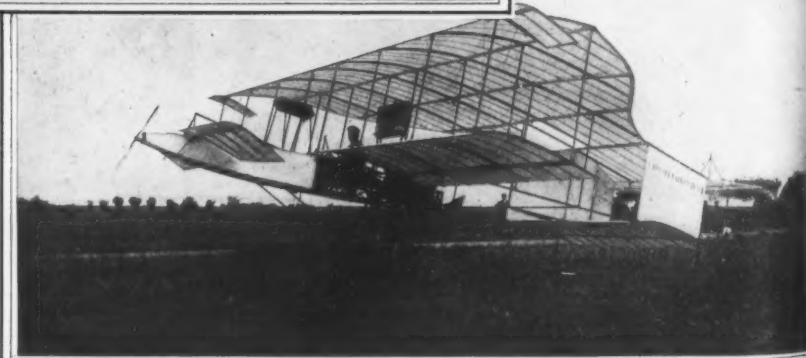
*Testing, in tow of an automobile, the stability of Octave Gilbert's aeroplane*



*Wilbur Wright making the world's record of 1 h. 31 m.*

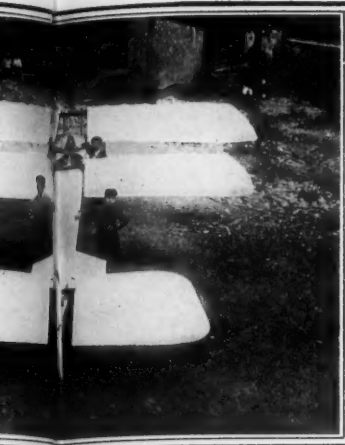


*Delagrangé at Issy on September 6 flew 15 2-5 miles in 29 minutes 53 4-5 seconds*



*The bi-planes of the Brothers Bonnet-Labranche*

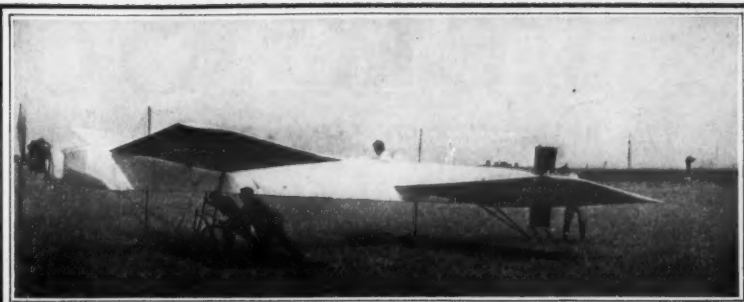




Plane of Lachoff and Koechlin



Cornu's French helicopter



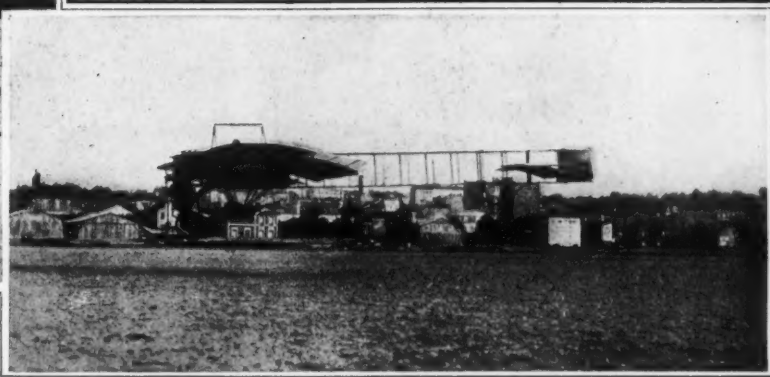
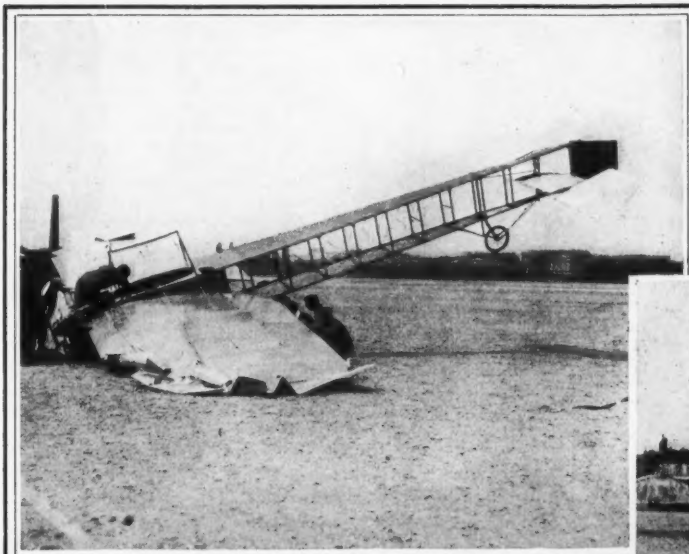
The aeroplane of Kapferer



The monoplane of Messrs. Gastambide and Mangin



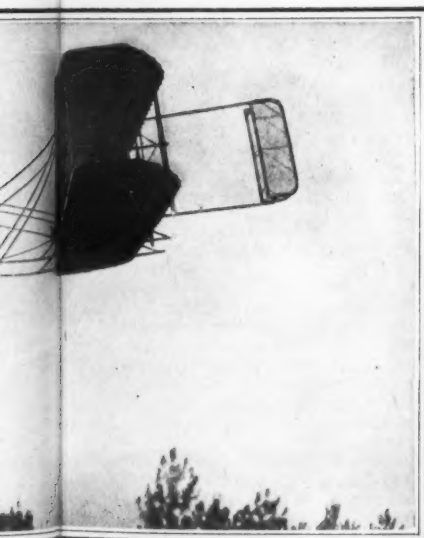
Carus-heat and his white wings



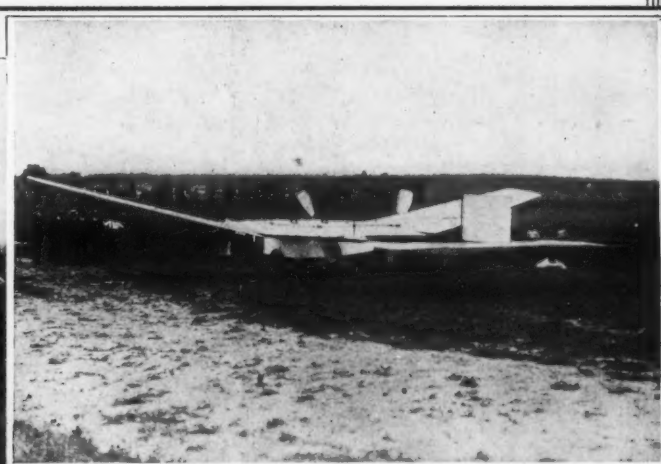
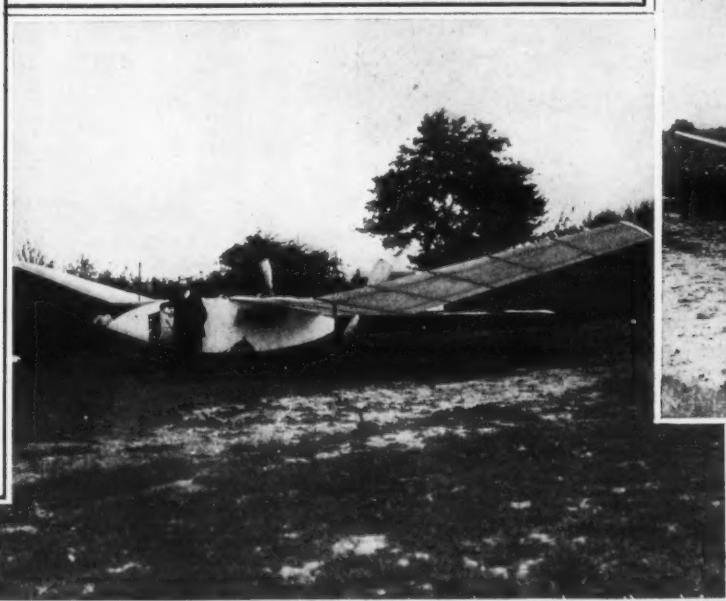
The Bleriot No. 8 Monoplane wrecked by the trees at the end of the course

# Little Wings

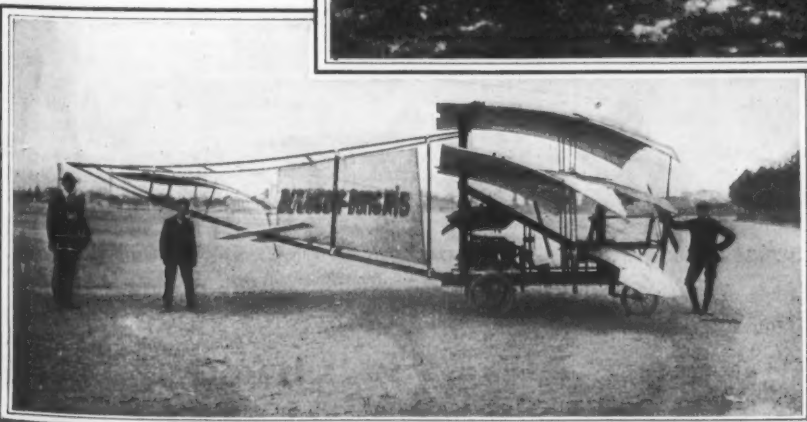
to the Possibilities of To-morrow



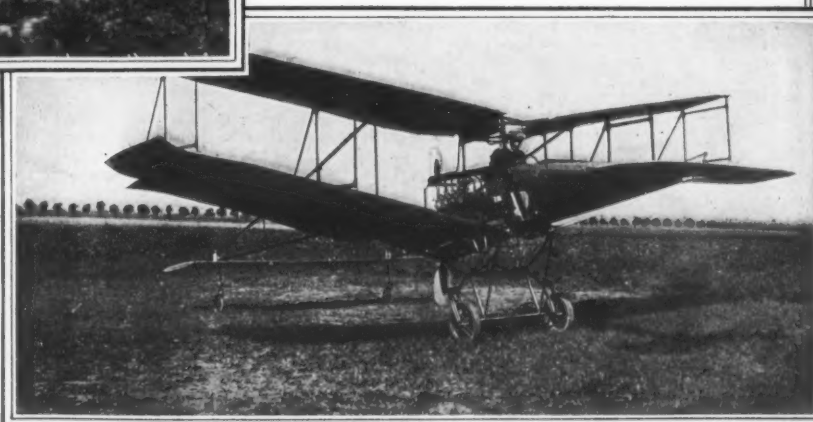
World record of 1 h. 31 m. 25 s. at Le Mans



The peculiar bird-shaped aeroplanes constructed by the Count de la Vaulx



The tri-plane of Bousson-Borgnis at Issy



The Zens Brothers' aeroplanes with its single rudder

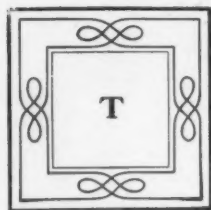
# Pete Sotus

The Man Who Had Belief in "Der Brodderhood of Mans"

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD



"It was like a funeral to see him sittin' around with that scowl"



THE red apoplectic, many-eyed face of the factory stared up the valley toward the decreasing glower of the round setting sun; an August haze had settled over the spotted mill town lower in the valley. Jim Hands, the foreman, leaned over the railing looking down into the black eddying waters of the mill-race. "Listen," said he, "they're shuttin' down the turbine. Hear them belts and gear-wheels sighin'." He opened a fat gold watch: shut it sharply with a decisive click. "I suppose it would be hard to count the factories an' mills an' shops that are sighin' just like that. Think of the people—see that stream of 'em comin' out the door yonder. Hear 'em punchin' that time clock! Every one of 'em got a home, a job, somebody to love 'em." He crooked a finger at a square-jawed Finn who was trudging up the factory road with heavy-footed gait. "Hey there, forty-three!"

The golden-haired, matted-haired foreigner stopped, peering about dully with the expression of blind humanity searching the future and the reason for the world and its drama. "Yeh!" he returned.

"Want overtime to-night?" bellowed Jim Hands.

"Sure-r-r," called the northern tribesman cheerfully, rolling the syllable. He rubbed his hand along the brim of a rough straw hat.

"Did yer notice?" said Jim Hands, gripping the rail with his toil-squared, sinewed fingers. "He's happy. He likes to think he isn't. He's a Socialist or somethin'." The foreman's gray eyes widened in seriousness. "Why don't they let a man like that alone! Did I ever tell you about Pete Sotus? He was a Russian, I used to think, and that weren't his name—but that's as near as I ever come to it—just Pete Sotus."

"Funny the people you see in factory life. They're mostly all alike. That feller I just spoke to has got arms as big as your thigh, eh? What a body! But you oughter seen this other feller!"

"Yes, sir, he was the kind you remember—a young feller too, six feet four, and shoulders like a beef an' muscles like an ox. There's some kinds of people built like carriage horses and some like racing ponies, fine and limber—and some are built to pull like Pete Sotus—a dray horse of a man. They'd bred him to it. It was in his blood. There was veins red and swollen in his bulgy forehead that showed the work he'd done. They showed the work his great-grandfather had done too. His shoulders were stooped and his hair was bleached out by the sun, and his eyes were stupid! 'Twas the hardest kind of work for that feller to think, and he was always at it; and when he thought it weren't cool like a machine that's oiled, but it was hot, an' every time he'd go to thinking, the muscles would stand out all over his jaw, as if it hurt him!"

"When I first seen him, it was back in the days when I was at the lasters' bench in a factory in Jersey City—the D. P. Alderson concern, that failed up last year. I'd got married a bit before, and my girl—that's my wife, Annie—she got a cheap tenement across the ferry, in New York. It was among the dagoes, but I'd been out of work and we come from Chicago, wondering what we'd do for the next pound and a half of corned beef or hamburger, and we were up against it. She stuck it out—what a woman she's always been to me! And as I was sayin', this feller Pete Sotus came into the lastin'-room one day and got a job, an' they put him on my bench pulling upper leather onto the lasts. He needed work all right. He'd lived on hot coffee fer longer than I'd care to stick to that kind of nourishment. He didn't have no collar, and he looked as if he needed sleep. But he held his head up as if he was better than me, and scowled with that forehead of his full of veins."

"You're takin' life hard, Swanson," says I, thinking he was a Swede, and meanin' to jolly him a bit.

"I haf more work to do dan dis," says he, tying knots in his words and talkin' like them foreigners go on. And he put one of his hands—as big as the two of mine an' every finger the size of a child's arm—on my shoulder an' says: 'There ain't no rest for us till ve is all free,' he says."

"Free of what?" I says.

"Listen," says he; 'you belief in der brodderhood of mans, eh? By Gott, der day of light is come—the time ven ve should haf equalities. You iss a stranger to me, but der is der brodderhood of vork between us. I see it in dese hands of yours; look at mine, eh? Dey is hard, eh? Vat is it what makes us to vork—always, always vork? It is der slavery of der existin' order of dings,' he says, an', anyhow, it was somethin' like that; I've heard them fellers go on so much I know it backwards."

"So I says: 'When did youse hear of this railroad wreck?' an' laughed."

"Brodder," he says, 'belief me, I would gif my life to make some men vid riches gif back to some different men—vat is slaves dat makes vork an' labor vid der blind hands—to gif to dese vat Gott haf given to us in der first place,' he says, and his eyes went a-swimmin' like they was runnin' tears, an' his forehead was in bunches where it hurt him to think. But the feller meant what he said!"

"And he says: 'Vad difference makes it about me? I am nobody—I haf left my vife an' house vat is in der hollow in Bowkerskill, New Jersey, ver der rent I pay is eat all der vork I do vid my hands. Vat of it? I ask. No, I haf gif my life to der makin' of equality. An' if ve don't haf it van vay,' he says, shuttin' his paws into a fist, 've must make it to come,' he says."

"Then he points out of the dirty window of the shop, and there was Henry Y. Bleeker, the boss of the Cold-point Iron Foundry, goin' by in his shiny carriage. 'Look,' he says, 'see dis man vat is. He makes a ride in vat makes to him a big cost; dis cost is more dan would buy me and you a place to live vid for all der life,' he says, and he got red in the face, and I thought his yellow hair would get red too. And he says: 'I hate dis man. Der light is broke on der vorld, and I haf lef' my vife and everytink. Yah, I would gif my life for der equality. Till dis spring vas I a fool. I did not know,' he says, an' handed me a worn-out old printed newspaper. I remember it well. 'Twas called the 'Light of Man.' And he says: 'Please to look. Dis is it—wrote by der Mister Blacksong. Read, please.'"

"Little did I think then I'd ever see the man—this Blacksong feller. And I never would if Pete Sotus hadn't come to live with us. I don't blame you for laughin'. We boardin' one of them foreigners! It's a whale, ain't it? But we had one extra room in the three—they weren't none of 'em bigger than the inside of an express wagon—and my Annie was strong for makin' every extra dollar a week we could take in. This Blacksong, Anarchist or Socialist or whatever you call him, was holdin' meetin's down on the river end of Perry Street in the room of a Pole who was janitor of one of them red burlap tenements, and Pete Sotus wanted to be where he could reach 'em handy."

"So that's how it came out. He fixed to have a room with us, and Annie bought a second-hand cot from a dago, an' put in a day's work painting it with gasoline and other poisons to clean it, and Pete was such a big bruiser that she had to put a chair at the bottom of it to hold his feet. It wasn't bad to have him. He'd work all day, and at night he'd be out preachin' or listenin' to this big-head Blacksong. He was quiet enough, but it was like a funeral to see him sittin' around with that scowl. You could see without askin' he was hatin' the rich an' all that kind of business."

"Yes, sometimes he'd walk up and down in the kitchen with his stupid eyes a-shinin' and his big hands out like he was seein' a picture full of angels and them things. An' then again maybe he'd throw his hulk of a body into one of the wooden chairs and look down into the empty coal-hod, and grind his teeth together and rub his red forehead with his fingers. I've known lots of laborers in my time, but I never knew a feller to have a doctrine worse!"

"He'd talk too. 'Mr. Jim,' he'd say, 'vonce vas I an animal. Vas it fault from me? No! Look at dese arms,' he'd say, and pull his shirt back so's you could see his wrists as round and hard as a die mallet an' covered with yellow hair like a peroxide gorilla. 'Yah,' he'd say, 'my fadder vas like it, an' his fadder vas like it. Animals! Vy? Gott in Hefen know it vas by reason dat all of us lifed under der slavery. Ve should be men, not animals. Der rights should come vid us, and ve should haf der equality and men be. So vill it come now.'"

"And the poor devil thought so. He felt so bad about it he'd sit there an' look into the coal-hod and then perhaps jump up and be off and down the dark stairs, knockin' over the mops and things that used to stand in the hall when they weren't on the fire-escape."

"My Annie didn't laugh at him, like me. 'Poor feller,' she'd say. 'He don't get a happy moment, and he'd lay down and die for his foolishness, an' that's somethin' you oughter not forget, Jim.'"

"And I remember one night when Pete come home with a sheet of paper an' poetry written on it. He was that excited he hadn't had no supper an' sick-lookin' big as he was—an' crazy to read us this rime business that Blacksong had copied off for him. Annie was washin' up the dishes over the sink, and there was a rattle of 'em, and so on, an' it was a hot summer night, with the windows open an' the hooting of the ferries and the elevator and hurty-gurdies—an' children yellin' in the street—enough to set a man loony. But she stooped an' says: 'Let him alone, Jim; let him read it to you.'"

"Please listen by dis," he says. An' he puts his thick finger on the words an' begun to spell 'em out. 'Der Man vid a Hoe,' he says. I remember it well—he read it so slow. It seems like this—the poetry told about a feller who'd been bred up to work like a son-of-a-gun—a feller who was a farmhand. See? An' he was somethin' like this Pete Sotus—didn't know nothin' except how to dig and the like of that, an' was kind of like an animal just as Pete had said, an' didn't have no chance nor nothin'—like a truck-horse. It kind of made you think with this foreign feller readin' it out aloud so slow and runnin' his finger along kind of tremblin' on the

paper, like was dead. "An' wh plucked at over on th an' says: think the heart. It it right he as I was Annie: 'A "Yes," "I've b seems as "Of cou be had in a shame to for it an' began telli place an' perhaps hi "And sh for the w tented—ju "Well, I woman—a farm, and An' the n after the leather an spoke to h "Where full of las "He kin goin' to sa stood, the "Poof!" sa enough to equality. mans? Sh vid slaver social orgo to me to v spread der apostle. A doctrines I says. "Starv I starve d mans goe says: 'I v houses. S "Come vid to see. G It is der like that. "An' on of land, a out to see what righ was a ma the busine all the pe how he w go out an forth with that Black sees—she v by Blacke his life to that. An or someth "It was tell you, I Pete Sotu or comin him about was an e books he said. See or someth let me tel "I can looked as the time enough to rants. I guess he had on didn't loo for his de "No, he of tellin' one of the necktie, I glad he c But I fou in Brusse ist feller money he an inside "It's f thought l said, an' turn an' have it g star per brotherho —especia "An' I so misera awake w to the fa he was o laborer w an' a nig



paper, like he was readin' a letter that said somebody was dead.

"An' when it was finished, Annie she looked at me and plucked at her apron, an' Pete Sotus threw his big body over on the table and puts his head down in his arms an' says: 'I vas it. I vas a man vid a hoe.' And you'd think the honest work he'd done would like to break his heart. It made me think some then. I thought about it right heavy till I went to bed, an' then I remember as I was hangin' my coat over a chair, I says to my Annie: 'Are you awake?'"

"Yes," she says.

"I've been thinkin' about that work business, an' it seems as if there weren't a fair show for everybody."

"Of course there ain't," she says; "but, Jim, it can't be had in a minute. Them poems is all right, but 'tis a shame to let anybody read 'em who will be worse off for it an' not better. Pete was happy till somebody began tellin' him he weren't. And he had a wife an' a place an' enough to eat, an' if he didn't get very far, perhaps his kids would—what?"

"And she kind of smiled sadlike, an' says: 'I'm sorry for the woman, Jim. Fer perhaps she was plenty contented—just with him. Like me,' she says, 'with you.'"

"Well, sir, I began to wonder then about her—the woman—and whether she was back on the little truck-farm, and how she was gettin' on by herself, and so on. An' the next day when we was settlin' back to work after the noon hour, and Pete Sotus was a-drawin' the leather and hatin' the rich with his bulgy forehead, I spoke to him about it.

"Where's your wife, Pete?" says I, with my mouth full of lasting tacks. "Why don't you send for her?"

"He kind of waked up, smilin' for a second, like he was goin' to say somethin' nice about her, and then there he stood, the big hunk of scowls an' misery an' hate again. 'Poof!' says he, just like a potato bustin' its skin, enough to make you laugh. 'She don't know it—der equality. Vas is she know of der brodderhood of mans? She vill not listen to der light. She is happy vid slavery—like vonce vas I. By Gott—no! In der social organisms, vat is she? Vad am I? Poof! It is to me to vork and der vages save to go vid Chicago an' spread der vord of Mister Blacksong. Me? I vill be an apostle. A vife is noddin. You and I is noddings. Der doctrines is everythink.'"

"She may starve," says I, "an' if she does I'll fill your face with this fist full of fingers," I says; "you big fool," I says.

"Starve?" he says. "So vill I. Vat is der difference? I starve der to-day ven for der light and brodderhood of mans goes it to-morrow. It vas like dis vid me," he says; "I vas bring der load of celery in to der wholesale houses. Say a man vat is friend to Mister Blacksong: 'Come vid me to der meetings!' So vas I made der light to see. Gott! Equality! Happpinesses for all mans! It is der same vedder I starve or not!" he says—just like that.

"An' on he went talkin' about right to so many acres of land, an' tellin' how this Blacksong feller had come out to see him on his little truck-farm, an' told him what rights had been handed down to him because he was a man an' not a horse; and how Blacksong was in the business of the brotherhood of man fer the good of all the people alive or that would be alive. An' he told how he woke up to the light, as he called it, an' didn't go out an' dig cabbages, but chewed the rag back and forth with his wife for a good many days. An' it seemed that Blacksong thought it was no use to try to make her see—she was that stubborn, an' it seemed that by and by Blacksong says to Pete to come to New York an' give his life to the cause, and learn to preach and all like that. An' Pete came away mad and hot for Socialism or somethin'.

"It was all this Blacksong feller's scheme, an', let me tell you, Blacksong was all right! He'd been up to see Pete Sotus twice, an' I caught a peep or two of him going or coming, and heard him talkin' to big Pete, an' tellin' him about the inheritance of man an' all that. An' he was an educated feller, and could repeat words from books he'd read, and he'd written some himself too, they said. Seemed he had gone an' lived with the coal-miners or somethin'. Yes, he was smart, I guess, but— Well, let me tell you.

"I can see him now. He weren't a little feller. He looked as if he'd plenty to eat all right. I thought so the time I first seen him—he looked as if he had money enough to buy a meal in one of them cheap wine restaurants. I guess he was different from Pete Sotus. I guess he didn't have to go hungry an' leave his wife, if he had one, to be a Socialist or whatever he was; he didn't look to me like a man who'd suffered very much for his doctrines an' propaganda, as he called 'em.

"No, he was just a healthy loafer, makin' a livin' out of tellin' people what he knew. He wore long hair, like one of these imitation football players, an' a big black necktie, like a woman's, an' he used to tell Pete he was glad he come from common people. His face looked it! But I found out since his father owned a soap factory in Brusselsville, Indiana, an' they tell me this Socialist feller—the great Blacksong—afterward lost all the money he'd made writin' for the magazines by gettin' an inside tip on the stock of a pineapple farm.

"It's funny, too, but I kind of got the notion he thought he was real goods himself. He meant what he said, an' I guess he thought he'd done Pete Sotus a good turn an' made a man out of an animal, an' he wanted to have it get into the papers. The big foreigner was his star performer, and he preached so much about the brotherhood of man that he made Pete hate everybody—especially them who saved their money.

"An' I guess Pete got to hatin' himself. I never seen so miserable a feller. Couldn't sleep nights an' kept us awake walkin' up and down his little room, an' he'd go to the factory next mornin' black under the eyes, like he was one of these rich boys and not a two-fifty pound laborer with a chest as big as a horse's an' an appetite an' a night's sleep.

"Then by and by the summer began to come to an end, but them hot days kept on when you could most see the steam come off the North River. It was then Pete was gettin' worse and more miserable. An' one night he stayed up in the kitchen till daylight come, tryin' to write somethin' on the back of a time-slip, and burnin' up ten cents' worth of oil. My girl Annie thought he was tryin' to write to his wife. But it was no go. He could read if he took time to it, but there weren't any penmanship, or whatever they call it, belonging to them big bologny fingers!

"He'd better go back to her," says Annie to me, "or he'll get so unhappy he'll kill somebody—himself maybe. An' ain't it awful to see the misery on such a stupid face?" she says.

"But what was the use? Blacksong was a better talker than I'd ever be. An', anyhow, it come out all right.

"I think it was along the middle of September. I remember because it was then Dan Coogan, my cousin, give up the saloon business, an' Annie said she'd let me bring him around to the tenement. Anyhow, it was in the evening; Annie was sewin', sittin' out on the window-sill by the fire-escape, an' it must have been a Monday, fer in between the buildin's there was clothes and red shirts an' blue aprons an' all them things a-hangin' out.

"We was laughing over something comical in a picture on the back page of the newspaper, an' we heard somebody comin' up the steps. You'd thought it was Pete himself, big and clumsy. We had the tenement next the corner and next the top, an' you could hear them feet two landin's below.

"Poor feller," says Annie. But it weren't him! No, sir; it was a woman. Yes, sir, it was his wife. We knew it the minute we seen her. She was near as big as him, an' wore men's shoes an' had a blue dress made out of overall cloth, an' big red wrists stickin' out, an' workin' the farm in the sun had made her red all over her face, an' she wore an apron like them dago women when they go anywhere, just the way anybody else would put on a hat. She was so big she looked like a man.

"But my Annie knew. All women know each other.

An' she says, says she: 'Fer the love of Heaven, sit down, you poor thing!' like that. It was just as if this other woman, with her flat, stupid face, had told her the whole story about how she'd worked the farm alone and been lonely, an' bought a ticket to the city an' tramped around till she'd found where Pete worked an' where he lived, an' how tired she was and all that. And there she sat starin' around with her big blue eyes.

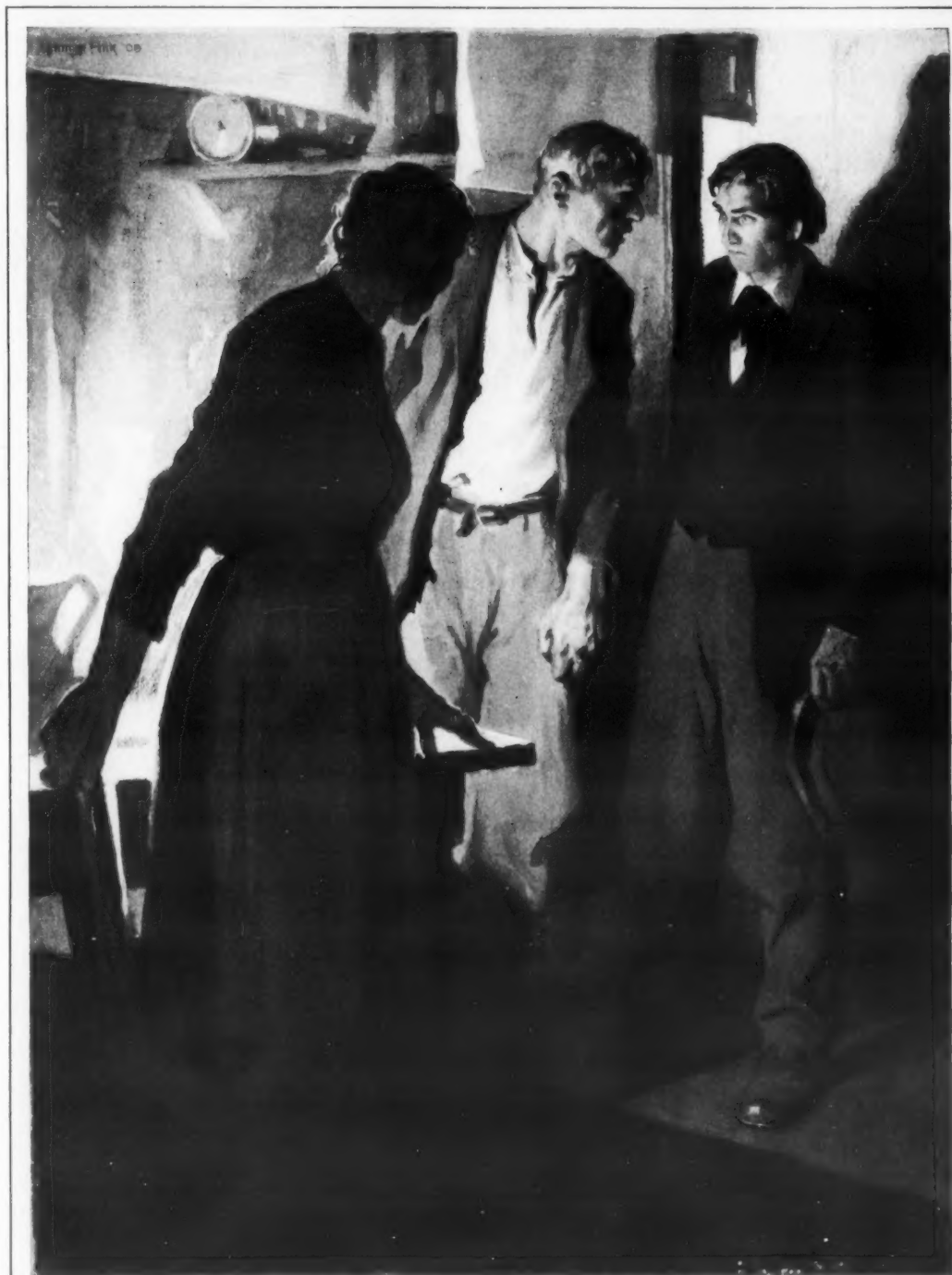
"There was an awful lot of difference between my wife there and his. But Annie—well, she's a woman, an' she put her arms around this foreigner and touched her on the hair, see? An' I forgot to say you never seen such hair! Kind of gold hair it was, an' it was worth lookin' at. There weren't no bonnet over it. An' before she'd said a word, she looked up at my Annie like a half-frozen dog when you let it into the house. An' I guess she knew more about the sisterhood of women right then than Blacksong ever preached to Pete about the brotherhood of man. Annie she stood beside this big freight-handler of a woman, sittin' in one of them kitchen chairs, an' I sat across the table an' waited for her to tell it.

"I want my mans," says she, by and by. "I want my mans."

"He lives here," says Annie, "but he's out." An' with that she looked at the clock an' says: "But don't you worry, he'll be back here."

"Well, it took this foreigner woman near as long as it takes to boil an egg to get this into her head, but then you could see it was a comfort to her to know she'd made home plate. I could see she was thinkin' again, and when she bust out talkin' it was worse than Pete ever thought of. He couldn't have done so bad if he tried, an' if we all had to talk English like hers we'd go back to the deaf and dumb alphabet.

"An' she didn't hold none of her business back. 'I want my mans,' she says, as she starts off. 'Ve to this country came by four years vat is.' Her talk was somethin' like that. An' she says—pulling her big red fingers: 'To him by vife made an' lif in Bowkersville, New Jersey, an' there is vat is diggin' an' make grow vat is cabbages, celery, an' such. Dis is your



"An' you haf made me learn it to hate!"

wife, she says to me, pointin' to Annie. 'Yes—to you both vill I speak. A man vat is has come to see my man an' tell it to him many things vat is.'

"'Blacksong?' says I, an' she hoisted up her round thick head an' give me a nod.

"'An' ah, Gott!' she says, lookin' into the light of the lamp, an' enough to make a sweatshop foreman sorry for her. 'Oh, Gott,' she says, 'it has without him much unhappy been.'

"Annie kind of looked at the floor, an' I says, fer want of better, says I: 'He'll be in presently.'

"She didn't seem to hear me none. Just like somebody asleep, and she shut her eyes just like she was down and out.

"'Ve vas happy by dese times vat vas,' says she, an' she put her arms down on the kitchen table an' her head went down after 'em, an' there she lay with the light on that hair of hers. Not cryin'—see—just done—a big, thick-headed foreigner woman that didn't know nothin'!

"'Let her be,' says Annie, an' I nodded, an' we sat down an' waited for Pete to come home from his meetin'.

"I guess it must have been near to eleven o'clock when we heard him on the stairs. An' he had Blacksong with him—the feller he called his only friend on earth. I knew what they was plannin' to do: they was plannin' to talk together in whispers in Pete's room till four o'clock, when Blacksong would go home to sleep it off and Pete was about ready to go to work.

"An' they was talkin' as they come up, an' the foreigner woman woke up. She'd heard his voice, see? An' she sits up straight an' smooths down her apron an' says: 'My man!' like that, sort of proud. Yes, proud!

"It was a surprise to him all right when he opened the door an' seen her. Blacksong—an' I remember now his first name was Edgar—he kinder started guessin' himself. Pete just stood lookin' and lookin' back to his wife, an' took his hat off an' pulled his yellow hair with his fingers: but the other feller fixed up his big bow necktie and says: 'You have come, too, sister?' An' opened his white hands forward—like this, see?

"Why, she never paid no attention to him! No, sir. She just looked at Pete an' got up, an' her big red hands hung down at her side, an' she kind of caught her breath an' then tried again. I was kinder afraid she'd talk her foreign lingo, but she didn't.

"Der dog is dead, she says, 'vich bad is. But der is many shickens.'

"Pete, he still give her his stupid stare.

"I make der plenty celery to grow vid vork,' she says.

"Vid vork?' says he, kinder like it was a dream.

"Please make der listen,' says she. 'I haf pay der rent.'

"With that I seen Blacksong give a sniff an' look at Pete, but the foreigner just stared and stared, an' finally he says, lookin' at her: 'Vat is it you vant?'

"I vant you—vid me to go,' she says.

"And give up the cause, brother?' puts in the equality feller, 'an' be an animal—the man with the hoe?' he says.

"Please do not telled it like that vonce more,' says she, turnin' to Blacksong. 'No, please, I vant my man. By and by ven der little ones come has, an' so vell dey are now! vant I him.' You'd thought she was askin' the feller to give her back a handful of nickels or somethin'.

"An' Pete got red and bulgy on the forehead an' looked at me an' Annie, an' we never says a word.

"Mister Blacksong—please,' says the woman. 'You haf not good made. Ven my man vas happy an' made it not to hate nobody, an' ven everybody an' every little thing, like der dog vas is dead, vas by him love gave. Please, Mister Blacksong, I tell it to you. Me he loved also.'

"She kind of looked at the floor an' then looked up again. Pete, he was redder than ever, tryin' to figure out somethin', an' he says, as if he was thinkin': 'Equality! Der animals vat I was.'

"Exactly,' says Blacksong, kind of frightened.

"An' der rent is paid. Please come back, an' happiness be—like it was before,' says the woman. 'Please, Mister Blacksong, to him no more tell it. He loves little things, an' dis is better than is it to make no love for nothing,' she says.

"Well, you'd thought she'd struck Pete with a welting needle! He kind of stiffened up, an' I remember the stare went out of his eyes, an' we seen him kind of crouch down, an' Annie give a little cry, bein' a woman an' afraid.

"Mister Blacksong,' says Pete, very quiet in his voice and with his big shoulders rolling. 'For you I from dis voman avay vent. I haf made it hungry, an' I haf been exactly sadness. Der truth is it vat you haf made me to learn, perhaps. By Gott, I vas happy! I loved every little fly vat made himself to sit down on der floor in der sunlight. By Gott, Mister Blacksong, I do not love dem now! Der is somethings vat is bad to haf men tell it to peoples. Vy should I not go on to vork vid happiness an' not this equality learn?' he says. 'By Gott, Mister Blacksong, do you know vat you haf done? No! Vat is der difference to you vid your teachin's der propaganda and doctrines, eh? By Gott, Mister Blacksong, you haf made me to see,' he says, working his fingers in the air. 'An' you haf made me learn it to hate!'

"An' he stopped a minute, an' his eyes were round and his big chest was movin'.

"An' he says very soft, says he: 'An' so, Mister Blacksong, I must to kill you!'

"An' before I could stop him, he'd reached out with them big arms of his and his body went over after 'em. And he caught Blacksong by the throat with his thick, yellow-haired fingers, an' kneeled upon his chest, an' the poor cuss squealed like a burnt pig.

"The foreigner woman helped me to pull Pete Sotus loose. Blacksong's face got white an' then gray. Great guns! it looked different from them red fingers of Pete Sotus. I thought we'd be too late—the big foreigner was that strong I couldn't tear him off. But finally we pried him loose and got the preachin' feller onto his feet,

an' Annie picked up his hat an' I grabbed him by the collar an' shoved him out the door, while the foreigner woman held onto the big one.

"Blacksong got himself together outside. He could hardly speak. It sounded like a voice through a partition. 'I'll send him to the jail for this!' he says, croakin' it out.

"G'wan,' says I, 'before I kick you down the stairs,' says I. 'You an' your man with a hoe,' says I.

"An' when I turns to go back into the room, I'm a liar if there weren't the foreigner woman sittin' in a chair, and Pete Sotus down on his knees with his yellow hair

laid down in her checkered apron. She, with her red, stupid face, was talkin' her lingo kind of soft, but all he would say was: 'Like it vas vonce! Like it vas vonce! I vant der slavery! I vant der slavery! I vant der love!' An' he said it over and over like a fool.

"Well, my Annie—she pulled me out of the room, an' when we didn't hear no more noise, I looked in again. It was an hour or so, but they was gone—both of 'em. Pete left a dollar under the lamp—bright green-lookin' it was on the wooden top. Pete loved that woman. She was big and red and homely, but hell—she was his wife! They'd gone. They'd gone together."



Taft's reception by the people of Northfield, Minnesota, September 26—Columbia on an elephant



Joseph M. Brown (weight 100 lbs.), Governor-elect of Georgia, with W. F. Brinson (weight 585 lbs.) of Waycross



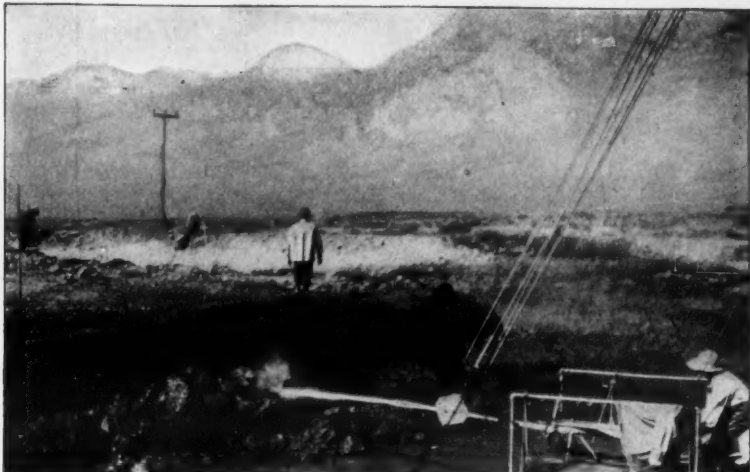
Stating the issues of the Presidential campaign in a one-cent vaudeville theater in New York

## The Campaign and the Camera





The Owens River at the point of diversion, 240 miles from Los Angeles



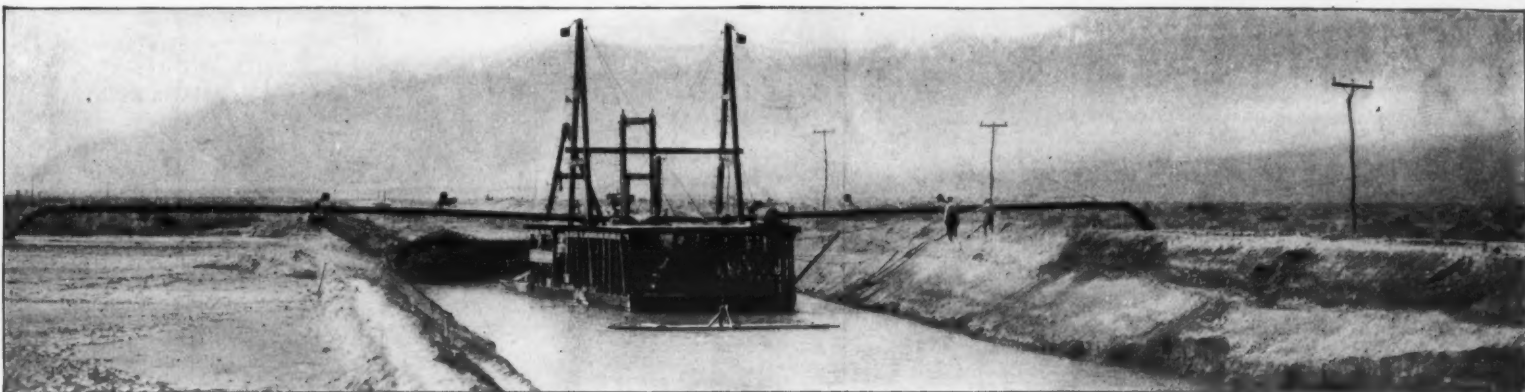
Lower down—hydraulic drills biting out the aqueduct pathway



Overlooking the Mojave Desert and the railroad from the aqueduct route

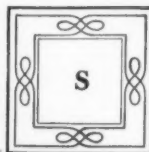


One of the hills to be tunneled near Jaw-bone Cañon on the edge of the desert



Dredging out the aqueduct basin on one of the level stretches

## By the People and for the People



AVING a city—the great city that before many years must be—that is the underlying significance of the task now being carried through by the people of Los Angeles. It is a task more picturesque and more ambitious—an aqueduct, 240 miles long, carried over desert and through mountains, and to cost eventually \$34,000,000—than anything of the sort ever before undertaken by the people of an American city.

The peculiarities of the situation were these: Los Angeles is situated in a semi-arid neighborhood. Redlands, Riverside, Pasadena, and their orange groves are near at hand; much of the surrounding country is like a gigantic conservatory and garden. All this highly scientific irrigation, however, had exhausted the surface waters. Artesian wells had been sunk in great numbers and water for all sorts of purposes obtained by pumping, but the discharge from these wells had steadily decreased. One, for instance, the Bouton Well, which flowed 4,000,000 gallons daily in 1899, flowed only 823,000 gallons daily in 1903. There was no more water to be had, and meanwhile the city itself was growing like a fairy tale. In 1890 its population was 50,395. By 1900 it had doubled. In the next five years it doubled again. It is now in the neighborhood of 300,000 and increasing at the rate of 36,000 per year. It was an astonishing situation.

The idea of bringing the water of the Owens River to Los Angeles occurred to Mr. Fred Eaton in 1893. Mr. Eaton had been engineer and superintendent of the city water company. He went up into the Owens Valley, which is situated between the Sierras and the Inyo Range, north of the Mojave Desert, over two hundred miles away, ostensibly to engage in ranching. Quietly acquiring options on a large amount of water-bearing property, he returned to Los Angeles in the autumn of 1904 and proposed to the city a scheme by which it was to build the aqueduct and receive ten

thousand "miner's inches" for domestic uses, the surplus to be disposed of by Mr. Eaton and his associates as they saw fit. The city declined this and insisted on exclusive municipal ownership and control. After careful investigation, Mr. Eaton's property was acquired, and the city began to build the aqueduct itself.

It was an undertaking involving arduous difficulties—not so much of engineering as of preparation for it. A great part of the route led through mountains on the edge of the Mojave Desert, a region absolutely without water, practically without fuel or forage, and, at that time, even without a railroad. This railroad had to be built in order to carry in the necessary machinery, animals, and men. Wells had to be sunk, construction roads and trails carried along the baked flanks of the mountains, close to sites of tunnels or cañons to be crossed by flume or siphon.

There is a fall of about four thousand feet from the Owens River intake to Los Angeles, but this does not count the fifteen great siphons which loop under cañons and up again, the deepest, which burrows under Jaw-bone Cañon, descending 750 feet. There are over eighteen miles of tunnels in rock, one five miles long, over ten miles of tunnels in earth, over 164 miles of conduit lined with rubble masonry or concrete. Of the several power-plant sites which will be utilized eventually that in the San Francisquito Cañon, about 45 miles from Los Angeles, has a total drop of 1,500 feet. It is estimated that these plants will develop an average of 49,000 horse-power, enabling the city to enter into contracts for a total output of 93,000 horse-power, measured at the point of delivery in hours of greatest demand. Twenty thousand "miner's inches" of water, or enough to supply any probable demands of the city for some years to come, are expected to be delivered by the aqueduct.

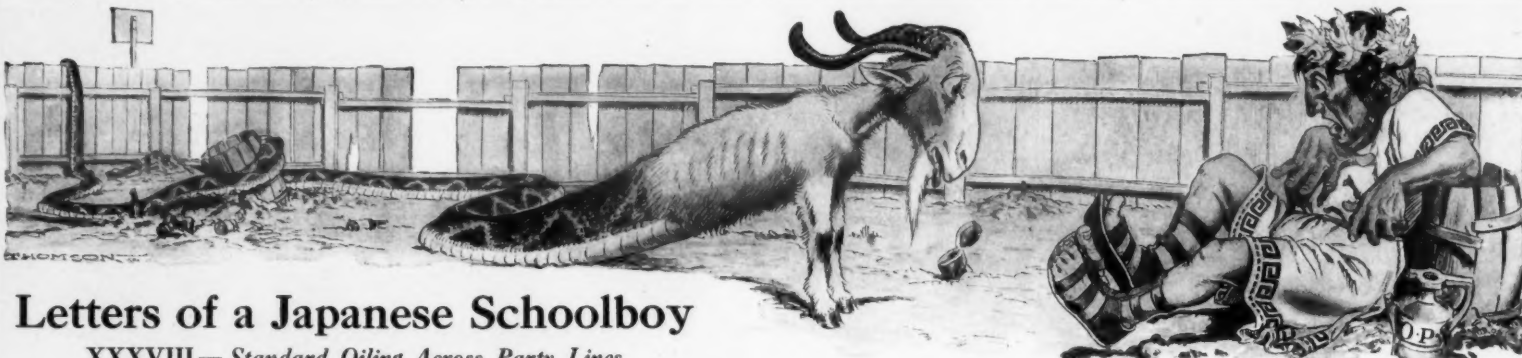
So far as possible, citizens of Los Angeles have been employed. Not only will it be theirs, but thus far they have done the work as efficiently and cheaper than it would have been done by private enterprise.



Roadmaking near Jaw-bone Cañon



From right to left these men are: William Mulholland, chief engineer; F. Eaton, who proposed the undertaking to the city of Los Angeles, and T. B. Lippincott, principal assistant engineer



## Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

XXXVIII—Standard Oiling Across Party Lines

By HASHIMURA TOGO

SAN FRANCISCO, October 4, 1908  
Editor COLLIER WEEKLY which ought to act kind of sweet & gentle to Prairie Dog Refined & Oily Co. of Oklahoma because they are a Small Dealer and has a Hard Struggle.

HON. MR.:

HERE are nothing more meaner and sneaky than to took money from children, cripples & other idiots," say Arthur Kickahajama yesterday with brite smile of truth.

"There are one thing more meaner & sneaky," I dib for Loo Darkstutter expression.

"What could be?" are sharp report for Arthur.

"To took money from Standard Oil are more meaner," I say it.

"Can not Hon. Standard Oil afford to lose such money?" corporate Arthur.

"Ah yes," I stupify, "but seldom persons can afford to accept it."

"I could receive such a gifts," say Arthur.

"Hush it," are hiss from me; "who knows what? Maybe Hon. Hearst have got you already on sporty page beside portrait of Jno. D. Rockefeller at sinful age of 13. Maybe you are already politickly dead and buried under following headline:

HE TOOK IT!!

Pussitive Proof that Arthur  
T. Kickahajama, foolish Missionary  
Boy, receive 2c stamp from  
OIL TRUST!!

"O please excuse!" say Arthur for pale chop. "I have not yet took them Standard Oily money have I?"

"Not yet, but when?" say I nervously. "You must now be in constant state of collapse. Any moment something might happen. Each hour post-officer might make door-ring with yellow envelop.

"Why I get this envelop?" you require of post-officer with Japanese puzzle of brain.

"Perhaps something are inside of it," suggest Hon. Carry-it.

"What would be inside of such a envelop?" you ask to know.

"From experience I suspect it are a letter," say Hon. Mailer.

"You rap open envelop—and O surely so, it are a letter! It begin with usual form,

"MY DEAR SENATOR:—

"I enclose a tiny check for household expenses. When front porch needs paint & carpenter telegraph me by wire & don't mention it.

"Your obedient master,

"JNO. D. ARCHYBOLD."

"From envelop fall a slice of paper. You pick up & read with entirely cross eyes. It say \$50,000."

"What I do then?" muse Arthur with moist lips.

"If you are a decent man you will faint slightly. But it are no use. Already you are a ruined Japanese.

"You go forthly to street-walk revolved to lead a better life & brace up. You should like to be honest. How useless! With quaker feeling of ankles you straggle to saloon of Hon. Strunsky, Irish patriot.

"Please Hon. Mr." you sub, "one humbel job for poor Japanese who can still mop away beer @ \$.10 per hourly payment."

"What references got, please?" dib Hon. Strunsky.

"You become entirely tonsillitis for answer. Shameful blushes from ears & eyebrows. You gollup & your breath is full of pants.

"Speech immediately," growly them famous bartend. "Already I have 6 costumers awaiting to get drunk. Again I ask to know: What references you got?"

"I got here letter from Jno. D. Archybold of 11 Wall Street," you reject with soul full of clams.

"What say?" dib them Strunsky with N. Y. "Journal" noise. "You come to my clean saloon asking for 1 position of publick trust and are sneekly carrying around with you a letter what would not be tolerated in the U. S. Senate? You would be noticeable even in Pennsylvania!"

"And with them remark he roll you over beer-kag by famly entrance. Night approach and you are alone with your scratches."

"And what next?" require Arthur with bumped imagination.

"Ain't no next for you and Gov. Haskle," are reproach from me.

"Yet a singed worm will twist," submit Arthur. "Would Gov. Haskle make sweet-dog smile to Hon. Roosevelt when he are enjoying all them delicious scratches?"

"Perhaps might," am regard I make.

"What-say famous saw-wisdom?" require Arthur. "It-say, 'Scratch a Russian and you strike a Tartar.'"

"Scratch a Senator and you strike Oil," are smart quotation for Japanese Schoolboy.

MR. EDITOR, the Quietest Campaign in History are now passing, and people are being shook out of bed by it. This morning Hon. Wm. Ranoff Hearst published another extract from "Letters of a Pelf-Made Statesman to His Son," and 30,000 editors died of heart-failure; smoke-lus-powder patriots is being shot out of administration guns; Normy Mack are poking campaign contributions nervously behind his desk; Senator Forker are planning to make Brownsville a independent republic; gentleman from Oklahoma are yelling "Rascal" for reply; Hon. Hitchcock are keeping list of famous liars in his card index; Hon. Taft are refusing to strike a drowning man with a straw; Hon. Bryan are sending extravagant telegrams to Washington with request, "Why you act so heartlus to your Legitimate Heir?" and Hon. Rockefeller are writing a novel of title "The Sunny Side of a Great Criminal."

Hon. Roosevelt have just called Hon. Bryan a Chimera. That were a very mean curse. A Chimera, Mr. Editor, are a horid nature-fake discovered in a vacant lott by Baccus, a prominent Greek drunkard. This queery mammal start in to resemble a goat, but he lost interest in the subject about the middle of his body, so he continue on backwards in a squimfyform appendix to look like a bow constrictor. The goatly part of this beast, Mr. Editor, are wild and fond of common people and he love to nibble vegetarian diet in Utopia where he live; but the rear extension of that Chimera continue to point in the direction of Wall Street where it make wig-wag signals of distress. The farm-yard part of them Chimera were born in 1896, but the wiggly part were nailed on at the Denver Convention this year.

A Chimera are a horid nature fake discovered in a vacant lott by Baccus

Hon. John Burro say that animals do not think. The Chimera are an animal. Hon. Roosevelt agree with John Burro on all subjects.

Hon. Hearst, when he discover Hon. Haskle and Hon. Forker in act of Standard Oiling done a pretty fine servis to this kingdom of America. When I think of all that good he done I extend my hand to Hon. Hearst—and then apologize to my Hand. That were a pretty nice stab which Hon. Hearst made not because he hated Haskle less, but because he hated Bryan more.

S. Wanda, Japanese Socialist, say that Hon. Hearst done what he did for love of truth & justis. Hope-so he did! But when Hon. Hearst do things for love of truth & justis I enjoy suspicius feeling of elbow. I am reminded of a mustylogical legend of antique Japan.

Ten thousand entire years before Hon. Darwin discovered monkeys in England there reside in Kyoto a politician name Suki-ho who run for Supervisor on Democratick ticket & was beat by a nother politician name Yen-Yen. When this result was happened Hon. Suki-ho enjoy such angry rages he turn entirely blue & blow smoke through ears. Oftenly he motter, "I make a lay-to for this Yen-Yen."

One day when it was serious heat of July Hon. Suki-ho meet a entirely mad dog & enjoy being bit on ankle.

"O banzai of joy!" deery this patient. "I soonly shall develop a rabbi. Then I shall bite my dog O-Fido so he will get it."

"Why you wish bite O-Fido?" require all neighbor for shocky voice. "You got grouches for them nice pet?"

"O-Fido are sweet companion," arnicate that Suki-ho, "but I shall deelight to see him bite pet dog of Hon. Yen-Yen with a wild germ."

"You got gruj for them lap-dog of Hon. Yen-Yen?" they ask it.

"Not by no means," erupt Hon. Suki-ho, "but if I bite O-Fido & O-Fido bite lap-dog of Yen-Yen, then lap-dog will bite Yen-Yen—and he are the sinful crawfishing malefactor I are anxious to get equal with."

MR. EDITOR, they was not no Pastor Institute in them days, so Hon. Suki-ho were bit in skull with pick-ax before he could snarl at O-Fido. And it were too bad, because Hon. Yen-Yen's dog were a pretty predatory canan.

MR. EDITOR, what-say Hon. Matt Luther in Germany some by-gones since? He say, "Be true to your trust and you will get reward in Heaven." Numerous American patriots has make bark-up to them words of Hon. Luther & been very useful to both Parties. But they got their rewards in several kinds of elsewhere. Hon. Haskle was true to his trust & got his reward in Oklahoma. Hon. Forker was true to his trust and got his reward in bank deposits. Both are good ways to know.

Them two extinguished statesmen are alike to Matt Luther in another way. Hon. Luther enjoyed a Diet of Worms. Hon. Haskle & Hon. Forker are now enjoying a Diet of Wormwood and feeling considerable gall about it. And Hon. Roosevelt are having more fun than he can shake a Stick at.

Hoping you are the same,  
Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

## Spiral Song of American Claw-bird

O screaming!  
Last night when it was entirely p. m.  
by larm clock (kindness loan of  
Cousin Nogi)

An American claw-bird  
Made perching on my dream  
And skreech!

I enjoy a very swift night-horse.  
I dream them claw-bird  
Approach to me with yellow envelop  
(f deliciously oiled appearance.

I ope it for rapture,  
Then wisht I hadn't.  
For inside were a note which say

"My dear Senator:—  
"Please find enclosed check for \$30,000  
which ain't here but are on deposit  
in second pawnshop around  
corner. Make eye-wink signal to  
clerk and see what happen. We  
received that pipe-line you sent  
us from Washington. Aicful  
thanks. Send another.

"Yours for business  
"Jno. D. Archybold."

"S. P.—Mr. Hearst have already got  
a copy of this letter, so you can  
destroy."

I read them dreamy letter  
With laughing soul—  
I are famous already!  
How proud my Ancestors and their  
folks will be to know that Hashi-  
mura Togo, ambitious boy, have  
stole \$30,000 and done so honestly!

I put on derby,  
I put on gum-slippers  
And make sneek-walk to second pawn-  
shop around corner—  
But alas!  
When I got there it were closed.  
I knock-knock—  
I hear noise like a mystery behind  
door-knob,  
"Who there?"  
"Friend from Oklahoma!" I dib de-  
ceptively.

When low!  
Door burst outly  
And earnest gentleman  
With expression of eternal vigilance  
committee

And Big Club by brite spectacles  
Rush out for hit.  
"Haskle!" say-he.  
"Rascal!" say-me.

"Then you are him?" say angry Vision  
making dents in my thoughtful  
brain.

"No, I are another Haskle," I choke off—  
"I are Jim Haskle.  
A far distant cousin,  
Or something else."  
"Ha-ho!" laugh them Vengeance,  
"Then please to told me—"

But I are saved such humility  
By being kicked out of bed  
By Sydney Katsu, Jr.,  
My share-bunk.  
O praise to Heaven.  
Praise to Ancestors.  
Praise to Sydney Katsu, Jr.,  
I have rather be kicked  
Out of 1,000 bunks  
By a Friendly Foot  
Than out of 1 Democratick Party  
By a Independence Leg.





## Grows With Your Library

With Viking Sections you add just as much room as you need, as you acquire more books. You do not have to buy an expensive bookcase to get room for one row of books. Just put on another Viking Section. No matter how high you stack them they stand solidly in perfect alignment, as if they were one piece.

A most acceptable Christmas present. Everybody receives books. Give somebody a home for his books. The Viking comes in all styles, from plain Mission to De Luxe Home Library. Send for the Free Viking Book.

## VIKING SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

Viking bookcases are the cases for convenience as well as elegance. You can have just as much bookcase as you need—one section for a few volumes or many sections for hundreds or thousands.

You can add sections from time to time as your library grows. You can build Viking Sections as high or as wide as you choose, your case will always have a one-piece appearance, and your library a solid built-in effect—due to the Viking Interlocking Device which keeps the sections in perfect alignment.

Noiseless doors are another attractive feature of the Viking cases. You are never troubled with sticking, rattling and binding of doors when you open or close the section. You can push the door in or draw it out by one corner without a hitch.

Because Viking doors run on our Patented Frictionless Steel Guides. They are simple—do not get out of order—and they cause the doors to work perfectly.

Then our air-cushioned construction prevents the doors from slamming when you let them down. They drop as noiselessly as if on velvet—and you never have any broken glass.

These doors are instantly removable without taking down sections or disturbing books.

Each section has a double top, positively preventing dust or moisture from entering. Each door edge is rabbitted for the same purpose.

In our bookcases your books are not only protected but they look well. The artistic finish of the cases displays them to the best advantage—and gives the air of library distinction so desired by booklovers.

The traditions of centuries of the most famous cabinet building are behind the Viking bookcases, built by the Skandia Furniture Co.

These cases are constructed today with all the skill and conscientious care that the old craftsmen, working out every detail by hand, bestowed on their work which yet lives in the finest libraries in the world.

A Viking library—bookcase—or even one section—makes one of the most acceptable Christmas gifts you can think of.

Everybody gets books for Christmas. Why not provide your friend or some book-loving member of your family with a place to store these treasures?

The Viking is the ideal place. Start a library right. Build it up by gifts of other sections from time to time. Thus the books will be provided with a home that can be handed down as an heirloom.

We make many special sections—Writing Desk, Music Cabinet, Sheet or Piano Rolls, Talking Machine Records, Bric-a-Brac, Cupboards, Drawers, etc.—each fitting symmetrically into the general scheme.

These special sections and sizes, with appropriate tops, bases, corners, etc., make it easy to use all the nooks and corners of an odd-shaped room.

Viking cases are furnished for offices—and these cases are especially adapted to book stores because they afford easy access, preserve the newness of the books and display them most attractively.

**Cut Out the Coupon** in the lower right corner of this advertisement, fill it out and mail it to us for our complete catalog of Viking Sectional Bookcases, *Free*, or send your library floor plan and description of room, state the number of books you own, and we will suggest a suitable Viking combination without charge.

Leading dealers nearly everywhere are showing the Viking cases. If you do not find them in your town, send for our approval plan. Money refunded if you are not abundantly satisfied.

**Complete Skandia Line** When you see the Viking Sectional Bookcases we are sure you will be interested in our general line of high-grade furniture: Complete dining suites—tables, buffets, china closets, etc.—library suites, bookcases with ladies' desks to match—combination bookcases, parlor cabinets, etc. Ask to see them

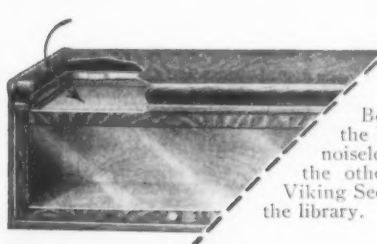
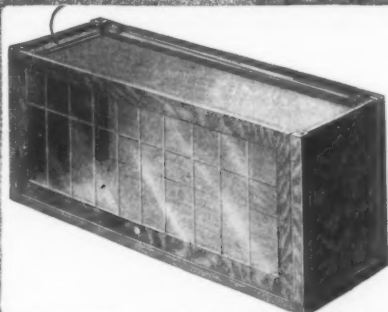
**Skandia Furniture Co., Dept. 70, Rockford, Ill.**



**Frictionless Guides  
Make Doors Noiseless**

**Air-Cushion Construction  
Prevents Slamming**

**Double  
Dust-Proof Top**



**Skandia  
Furniture  
Co.**

**Dept. 70  
Rockford, Illinois**

GENTLEMEN:—Please send me, **Free**, your handsome illustrated catalog, showing and describing the full line of Viking Sectional Bookcases, explaining in detail the Viking interlocking device and noiseless doors that never jam, and the other Viking features that make Viking Sectional Bookcases the thing for the library.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

## An Unusual Offer

This Handsome Embossed  
**BRASS LAMP**  
and a month's supply of  
**PYRO DENATURED  
ALCOHOL**  
for \$5.75



This is an offer that everyone, who has the interests of the home at heart, should take advantage of.

It is made for the purpose of further introducing PYRO Denatured Alcohol, the wonderful new liquid fuel for lighting, cooking and heating.

Thousands of dealers are now selling PYRO Denatured Alcohol.

The lamp included in this offer is an exceptional value. It is the newest type of Table Lamp and has all the latest improvements.

It is sent complete with two double web mantles, tripod, Jena heatproof chimney and the new automatic pourer.

So simple is this lamp that a child can operate it. Furthermore it is absolutely safe.

With each lamp we furnish enough PYRO Denatured Alcohol to last a month, if lighted two and one-half hours a night.

PYRO Denatured Alcohol is simply ordinary alcohol made unfit to drink.

Because of its unquestioned superiority as a fuel Congress recently removed the tax of \$2.08 per gallon.

In Germany last year over sixty million gallons of Denatured Alcohol were consumed. It is the illuminant in the Emperor's palace.

Everyone who has used Denatured Alcohol will tell you that this wonderful fuel is more like real sunlight than an artificial illuminant.

It furnishes a pure, steady light as clear, white and safe as sunlight. No fuel consumes so little oxygen in the air of a room. No light is so easy on the eyes for reading, writing or sewing.

Don't for an instant confuse PYRO Denatured Alcohol with kerosene because it is burned in a lamp.

U. S. INDUSTRIAL ALCOHOL CO., 102 William St., New York City

This outfit consists of embossed brass Lamp with 45 candle power Pyro Alcohol burner. Two double web mantles. Jena imported heatproof chimney. Tripod. Automatic pourer and two one-gallon cans Pyro Denatured Alcohol. Remember, we pay all charges.

PYRO Denatured Alcohol not only gives a light four times as brilliant as kerosene, but it is absolutely free from all the odor, dirt and trouble of kerosene lamps.

Wouldn't it be a relief to you to use a fuel that requires no attention—no chimneys to clean and polish, no wicks to trim, no bowls to fill with ill smelling, clothes staining kerosene?

Wouldn't you and your family appreciate the absence of soot, smell and danger?

Wouldn't it be a comfort and pleasure to have your home lighted with a bright sunlight-like radiance, instead of a feeble, yellow, malodorous, air contaminating kerosene lamp?

No one who values health, comfort, cleanliness and economy would think of using a kerosene lamp after enjoying the countless advantages of Denatured Alcohol.

Remember, we give two full gallons of PYRO Denatured Alcohol with every lamp—enough to last a whole month.

We prepay all charges. Send \$5.75 (postal note, money order or express order) for all points east of the Mississippi—for points beyond add 50 cts. This special offer is open only for a limited time. By acting on it immediately you will insure prompt shipment. Address

The Electrical Testing Laboratories of New York is the recognized authority in the United States on lighting apparatus. In a recent report it clearly establishes the superior efficiency and economy of Denatured Alcohol over kerosene.

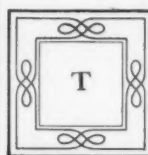
These are the Statistics:

Description	One gallon will last	Average C. P.	C. P. lhrs
Alcohol Burner	38 hrs. 30 min.	45.2	1740
Kerosene Lamp	32 hrs. 42 min.	14.8	484

## All Sorts of Aeroplanes

A Double-Page Exhibit of the World's Latest and Most Sensible Attempts at Flying

(See Pages 18 and 19)



THE air is not yet full of aeroplanes, but the newspapers are. Every village has its experimenter, each with a theory of his own on viscosity, wing-structure, and length of propeller blade. The double-page of aeroplane photographs in this week's COLLIER'S shows a score of different types—monoplane, biplane, triplane, helicopter, wings, and the various modifications of the aeroplane idea. Each of them is a steerable, heavier-than-air machine.

The ordinary aeroplane is an affair of parallel kites, resulting from a framework of wood strips with varnished silk stretched over the top and bottom. This is placed on a chassis with bicycle wheels. Motors, the shafts of the propellers, and rudders are attached to the chassis. The engine starts the aeroplane running along the ground till it gathers enough speed for the kites to be caught in the rushing air and lift the machine. A plane is so placed as to give a dipping or a rising direction to the machine. All the equipment for turning, rounding corners, coming to the level, and steady flight is in wire connection with the aviator.

### The Revolving Aeroplane

AMONG a dozen other problems of air flight, that of safety is being worked at along a multitude of lines. One of the dangers of aeroplanes in motion is that of tipping. To meet this, the revolving aeroplane has been invented by Butler Ames. He says:

"The only development of heavier-than-air machines to date has been on aeroplanes having a relatively fixed angle of incidence. From Lilienthal to Selfridge the great problem has been to keep the angle of incidence fixed—in other words, to keep the machine from tipping.

"To successfully manage a flying machine of the fixed-angle type requires skill and practise in keeping the machine from overturning, one way or another; and is exactly as uncertain and perilous as the trick acrobatic circus performance of riding a monkey, in which case the rider struggles to avoid falling either forward or backward or right or left.

"Neither the bicycle nor the automobile would have come into their present use had it been necessary for their passengers to balance, not only to the right and left, but also forward and backward. To completely eliminate the fore and aft balance the revolving aeroplane was conceived. In this type the sustaining surfaces revolve about axes at right angles to the line of flight. In other words, they are 'tipping over' all the time in one direction.

### The Theory of Stability

"THE direction of this rotation is opposite to that of a carriage wheel traveling on the ground. Strangely enough, this rotating of the sustaining surfaces in one direction, while giving absolute stability fore and aft, also produces a tendency to stability to right and left. "This latter stability is apparently in no appreciable way due to any gyroscopic action of the rotation, but is due to the air seeking the shortest route past the revolving surfaces.

"If a rectangular piece of fairly stiff paper—about six times as long as it is wide—be allowed to tumble horizontally

in still air, as it falls the rotation about the longest axis will be increased and continued by its passage through the air, and even though started out of the horizontal it will immediately assume a position parallel to the ground.

"The reason for having the piece of paper longer than it is wide is to make it easier for the air to pass by, rolling off the narrow instead of the long way of the surface. This same result can be obtained as in the photographs where surfaces of equal rectangular dimensions are employed."

The monoplane is being tried by several careful experimenters, among them Bleriot. Its unsteadiness and tendency to somersaulting are as yet rather serious drawbacks to its development.

### The Helicopter

THE helicopter aims to obviate the necessity of the initial speeding by its arrangement of propellers which are to lift the machine into the air with only three or four miles of starting-speed, instead of the twenty miles of the typical aeroplane. The helicopter of Kimball has twenty propellers, which, in case of a fall, would set as a parachute.

The aeroplane of the Zens Brothers is remarkable for the simplicity of its parts. The tail is a single horizontal plane five meters long by one meter wide, and there is a single horizontal rudder which can be used as a vertical rudder.

The man with wings is H. J. B. Passat of Thornton Heath, England. The central framework is shaped like the body of a large bird. Four wings—two in front to sustain the machine, and two behind for propulsion—are attached. Levers regulate the wings, and a small motor. The inventor has been studying the flight of birds, and he has given the wings a rotary motion which, it is alleged, enables them "to grip the air and harness the wind."

Kapferer's aeroplane is of interest in that it follows out the idea of Professor Langley on the "following surface."

Among those experimenters whose work is based on sound scientific attainment are, preeminently, the Wright Brothers, who have established world records for flight of the aviator alone and flight with a passenger; Santos-Dumont; Farman, who aims at stability; Delagrange, Cornu, Williams, Kimball, Bleriot, Dr. Bell, Ferber, Vuia, Varsin, de la Vaulx, Bertin, Gastambide, and Mangin.

### Governmental Interest

THE Governments of the world are supremely interested in the aeroplane because of its possibilities as a factor in modern warfare. Its potentiality as an aerial scout may be immense. If there should be such a development, it is essential for any nation's status that it shall not fall behind in the race for adaptation of this dynamic toy. If the aeroplane develops into a swift, safe, and manageable machine, it is obvious that the element of secrecy is removed from modern warfare, and that its military value becomes incalculable. A point in dispute as yet is as to whether it could be raked in flight by modern gunfire. Its speed and small size, elevation and longitudinal distance from the army or country to be mapped out, are all elements making for its comparative immunity from hostile cannonading.

The pleasure-giving and commercial possibilities of the mastered aeroplane are sheer guesswork.

## Forest Fires—Their Remedy

The Severe, Widespread, and Occasionally Tragic Forest Fires of the Summer Estimated in Money-Loss, With Methods of Future Prevention Outlined

(See pages 14 and 15)



IN THE Hibbing and Chisholm district, one of the many sections in northern Minnesota where forest fires have raged during the whole of September, the flames continue their work, breaking out every little while over the burned-over areas and starting in new territory wherever a spark falls in the brush. The woods and the brush growth on cut-over land are as dry as tinder, and fires can be seen in as many as a half dozen places at one time, starting from what no one knows. The natives give various causes of how the flames start, the most popular

of which are sparks from engines, hunters and campers, careless brush burning by homesteaders, and incendiaries.

Putting the losses low, to be on the safe side, they are commonly agreed to be \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000. The majority of people say about \$5,000,000. This is considered a conservative estimate by those who have been over most of the ground. At five per cent interest the amount of capital lost would yield \$250,000 a year. The State Forestry Board now has an appropriation of \$11,500.

Nothing could better call the attention of thinking people to the necessity for the preservation of our natural resources than these great forest fires. A conserva-



UNTIL Amatite was put on the market a few years ago, practically everybody who used ready roofings had to paint them regularly. Some of the roofings required a coat every year; others every two or three years.

In all cases a good deal of expense and trouble was involved.

The popularity of Amatite is largely owing to the fact that its use does away with all such trouble and expense. This is due to its real mineral surface which is far more durable than any paint made. It is not affected by weather and will last indefinitely.

All that is necessary after laying an Amatite roof is to leave it alone. Leaks and dissatisfaction are left behind.

Every practical man will doubly appreciate the "no-paint" idea when we add to that statement the fact that Amatite is lower in price than most of the "paint-me-every-two-years-or-leak" roofings.

In addition, Amatite with its smooth lap edge, is easy to lay, and the necessary nails and liquid cement for laps are supplied free, packed conveniently in each roll.

Can any reasonable man ask more!

A Sample Free. Write to-day

Illustrations at top, from left to right, show: Chas. Johnson's Residence, Atlantic City, East Machias Lumber Co., East Machias, Me., A. J. Priebe's Barn, Petoskey, Mich. All covered with Amatite.

**BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY**

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston Cleveland Cincinnati St. Louis  
Minneapolis New Orleans Pittsburgh Kansas City London, England



# MICHELIN TIRES

Half the automobiles in Europe use Michelin Tires.

Why?

Michelins were the first tires manufactured on a large scale.

Europeans know that the Michelin policy is one of ceaseless research, practical and theoretical, based on scientific principle, into the past, present and future of pneumatic tires.

Michelin manufacture is so precise, that no tire can be made better than another. Even the most important races are won on tires taken from stock.

The American factory has been established 14 months. It is the largest tire factory in America, and yet it has been working at double capacity, that is, with a day and a night force, for the last six months.

Ours is a country where Salesmanship has been brought to an exact science.

Consequently it was not exceptional selling ability that made Michelin Tires so widely used here in so short a time.

But there is a reason.

Michelins are the best tires in the world.

**MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY**  
MILLTOWN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

## BRANCHES

NEW YORK, 1763 Broadway  
CHICAGO, 1344 Michigan Ave.  
BOSTON, 895 Boylston St.  
BUFFALO, 908 Main Street  
PHILA., 320 N. Broad St.

247 Jefferson Ave., DETROIT  
2001 Euclid Ave., CLEVELAND  
15 E. Colfax Ave., DENVER  
1200 So. Main St., LOS ANGELES  
308-314 Van Ness Ave., SAN FRANCISCO

tive estimate by Dr. W. J. McGee, Erosion Expert, United States Department of Agriculture, places the aggregate loss in all parts of the country during these months of conflagration at \$1,000,000 a day.

In nearly every instance, probably in every instance, these devastating fires might have been prevented if the various States had provided an adequate number of men to patrol the woods and arrest all such fires in their incipency, and if lumbermen and other users of the forest were careful to dispose of brush after logging so as to prevent the spread of fires.

The value of the timber destroyed will not be known until the fire reports are made at the end of the year, though it is estimated that it will be larger than last year. But it will be insignificant when compared with the appalling fire losses outside of the National Forests on unprotected areas, or with the destruction which would have come to the timber in the National Forests had they not been protected. After timber is cut, the regulations require brush to be compactly piled at a safe distance from living trees. Sometimes this brush is burned under direction of a forest officer; but even if it is allowed to stand, no fire that starts finds fuel by which it can spread.

The National Forests are constantly patrolled by a picked force of rangers and guards. The present summer force of such rangers and guards, whose main duty is fire patrol, is 1,351 men; the average area that each is required to protect is 121,506 acres. It is fully understood that this area is altogether too large, and just as soon as funds are available to permit of the employment of a larger force of men the area will be reduced.

In order to provide rapid means of travel between the various parts of the National Forests and to facilitate the massing of large forces of men to fight fire, as well as to furnish vantage points from which the fires may be fought successfully, 100 miles of road and 3,300 miles of trail were built during the last fiscal year. In several cases fire-breaks from 16 to 100 feet in width have been constructed, from which all timber and inflammable material is removed, to furnish obstacles to the spread of fire, or straight lines of defense in fighting the fire once started. Several miles of such fire-breaks now exist on the National Forests in southern California, where it is especially important that the forest cover on the watersheds of important irrigation streams be protected.

Telephone lines have been constructed connecting ranger stations with the headquarters of the forest, in order that fires may be reported and promptly extinguished. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, 3,500 miles of telephone line were constructed in the National Forests.

Just as rapidly as possible, each National Forest is supplied with shovels, axes, and other tools, which are distributed over the forests and cabins.

Closely allied to forest development is river development. In the South, taking the minimum of 1,400,000 horse-power, its rental at \$20 per horse-power per year would amount to an annual return of \$28,000,000. Water-power is much cheaper than fuel-power, and will become more and more so as the available supply of fuel is depleted. This means that the demand for water-power will increase. The Southern business men foresee a great manufacturing future for their section and are determined to instill their ideas into the minds of others. They point out also that the usefulness of the rivers can be increased not only for manufacturing, but for transportation. The improvement of the lumber business and of the allied industry of turpentine has also received much attention from them. In some States, they say, there are very rich mineral deposits which might be worked with great profit.

\* \* \*

## About Hens, Goats and Cows

*The Vineland Philosopher Writes of the Stir of Life in a New Jersey Village*

"VINELAND, N. J., August, 1908

"EDITOR OF COLLIER'S,

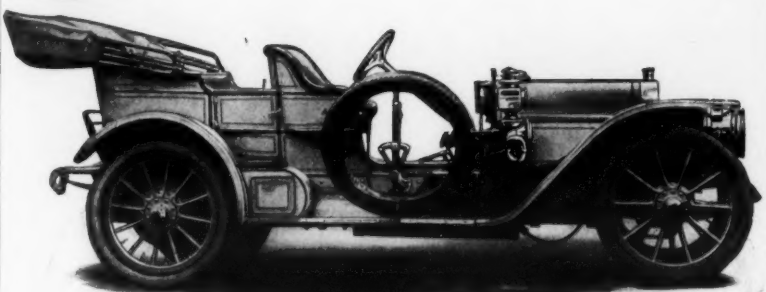
"MOST BUCOLIC ONE:

"A gentle friend—a well-meaning friend—said to me as I went out into the world to-day after a quiet week spent under my Bo-tree, repeating: 'Om,' and meditating upon the calmness of Nirvana: 'Oh, say do you know who wrote that about hens in COLLIER'S?'

"No," I renigged calmly, and without undue haste.

"I thought maybe you did," he said.

# Stearns



Five Passenger Light Touring Car Body, mounted upon a 30-60 H.P. Chassis

**THE STEARNS 30-60 H. P. Model** is a Motor Car of unusual merit. Its action upon hills is cyclonic. Will go faster upon the level than any one cares to travel. It has that superb abundance of power and speed so keenly enjoyed by the experienced motorist. In design it embodies only those features which two continents recognize as best.

STEARNS CARS unfalteringly withstand the abuse which goes with continued hard service upon all kinds of American roads.

For those interested in high quality motor cars, our advance catalog will be interesting

These are the latest Stearns Models:

30-60 h.p. Model	24-28 h.p. Model	45-90 h.p. Model
Bore - - - 5 3/4 inches	Bore - - - 4 1/2 inches	Bore - - - 5 3/4 inches
Stroke - - - 5 1/2 inches	Stroke - - - 4 3/4 inches	Stroke - - - 5 1/2 inches
Wheel Base - - 120 inches	Wheel Base - - 116 inches	Wheel Base - - 128 inches
Drive: Shaft or Side Chains.	Drive: Shaft.	Drive: Side Chains.
Transmission: Selective—four forward and reverse.	Transmission: Selective—three forward and reverse.	Transmission: Selective—four forward and reverse.

Light Touring Car, Pullman, Limousine and Landulet Bodies

**The F. B. Stearns Company**

Member A. L. A. M.  
Cleveland, Ohio

## "GUNN" SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

For richness in Library Furnishing, the "GUNN" Sectional Bookcases are constructed to designs which give them a solid appearance. There are no unsightly iron bands to mar the beauty of the high quality of finish for which Gunn products have become justly famous. They have such exclusive (patented) features as the Roller-Bearing, Non-Binding, Removable Door, and are absolutely Dust-proof.

Gunn sections may be purchased to accommodate 20 or 20,000 books according to the size of your library.

Our new, complete catalogue, fully illustrated, will be sent Free on receipt of a postal card request. Write Today to

**The Gunn Furniture Company**  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

"You don't get done when you buy a Gunn"

## Push the Button-and Rest



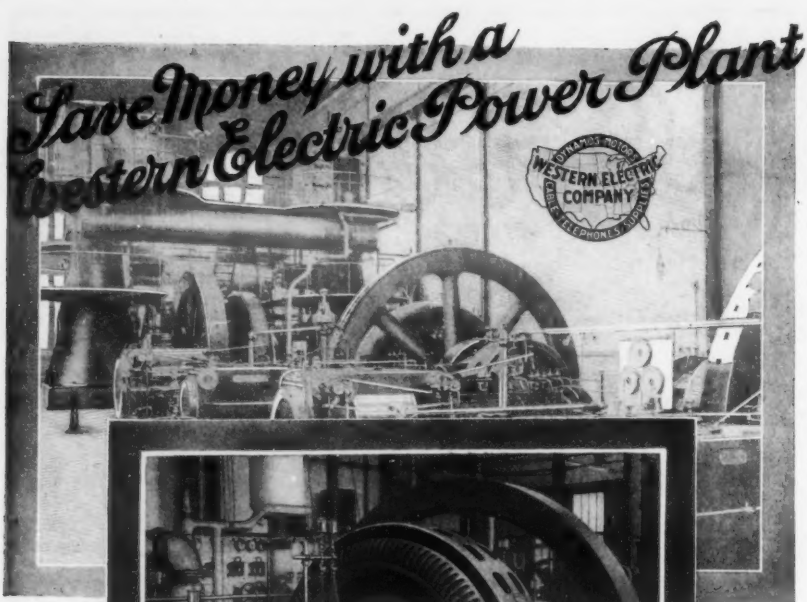
Send me free booklet of designs  
Name.....  
Town.....  
City or Postoffice.....  
State.....

"A Revelation in Comfort," containing 85 designs from \$9.00 to \$50.00, in oak and mahogany, that tells why there is no chair like the

**"ROYAL" Morris Chair**  
"The Push Button Kind"  
By simply pushing a button you can place the back at any of the nine comfortable inclinations. Made with or without foot rest. If your dealer cannot supply you we will sell you direct. Send for booklet today.  
**ROYAL CHAIR CO., Dept. C, Sturgis, Mich.**

**FREE STOVE AND RANGE BOOK** 64 PAGES FREE Write For It Today!  
This book will save you from \$12 to \$30 when you purchase a stove or range. It explains how the best and finest stoves and ranges in the world are made, and tells you how to "know the best."  
**HOOSIER STOVES and RANGES from FACTORY to USER**  
Are heavily made of highest grade selected material, beautifully finished, with all new improvements and features. "Guaranteed for Years," backed by a million dollars. "Hoosiers" are FUEL SAVERS and EASY BAKERS. A child can operate them. Sold on 30 days' free trial. No freight to pay.  
**WRITE FOR FREE STOVE BOOK and Our Special FREE TRIAL OFFER**  
**HOOSIER STOVE FACTORY, 218 State St., Marion, Indiana**

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We Make  
Electrical  
Machinery  
from the  
Smallest  
to the  
Largest  
in size

Do you know that you can make your own electric current more economically than you can buy it? With a Western Electric power plant of your own you can have all the current you want, at just the voltage you want and at minimum cost. You can operate your machinery by electric motor drive, thus

#### SAVING 25 TO 40 PER CENT OF YOUR POWER EXPENSE

The great saving produced in shops, stores, hotels, office buildings, and plants using power that can be brought about by the use of electric motor drive (either individual or by grouping), is now a generally accepted fact, and this great saving in power can be still further increased by having your own generating plant and making your own power.

You can also have your establishment brilliantly lighted with Western Electric Arc or Incandescent Lamps at a cost that is surprisingly low.

We employ a corps of electrical engineers second to none in the country, and their knowledge and experience will be placed at your disposal if you will write to us and let us know the results you wish to accomplish. We have two instructive booklets, one, No. 6002, entitled "Electric Motor Drive," and the other, No. 7000, entitled "Arc Lamp Facts," which we will gladly send on request. But above all else, do not fail to get our plans and prices for a complete Electric Power Plant. Send us your requirements TO-DAY.

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Commercial Cars Exclusively  
Don't waste time and money waiting to get facts about why Rapids are more economical and practical than horses and wagons. Write me your requirements and let me tell you what the practical experience of others has demonstrated.  
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One Style of 1-Ton Rapid Truck

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ILLUSTRATORS AND CARTOONISTS are well paid. Send for free booklet, "MONEY IN DRAWING," tells how we teach illustrating by mail. We sell our students' work. Women succeed as well as men. Estb. 1905. The National Press Association, 64 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

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Thinnest model—Finest 7-jewel movement made.  
Guaranteed for 20 years. Kept in retail 5 years by written guarantee. Models for both men and women, easily worth \$12, our introductory price \$7.50.  
**SPECIAL**—14 karat solid gold case with No. 21 15 jewels, perfect time piece, \$19.25  
**FOBS** of finest all silk grain with safety attachment and 3 letter monogram in sterling silver or gold filled, \$4.00. Gold front \$5.75, solid gold \$9.75; without safety attachment 75c less.  
**MONOGRAMS**  
of two letters for fobs, purses, etc., sterling silver or gold filled 75c.  
**SILK FOBS** with two letter monogram \$1.25—\$1.75—\$2.75 in solid gold. Add 75c for safety attachment if desired.  
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Never Disappoint

**Do You Want This Beautiful Art Calendar**  
The New England Confectionery Company, makers of Lenox Chocolates and Necco Sweets will mail postpaid to any address this beautiful art calendar shown above, size two feet long by ten inches high, lithographed in fourteen colors. No advertising on the face of calendar. An artistic decoration for mantel or wall of living room or den.  
Sent to any address on receipt of 15c in cash or stamps  
**NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO., Boston, Mass.**

regarding me with suspicion that he was instantly ashamed of. 'It's some fool who thinks he can write poetry.'  
"Bliss such as Nirvana can not offer seized me at this, but 'twas blighted as he rasped: 'Well, the editor alludes to that dampful hen-poet again this week.'  
"Hen-poet!" Well, I came home and sat under the Bo-tree and read 'Goats.'  
"I erupt: But first here is a coal of fire for your head. If our folks could grow a sense of humor as easily as they grow sweet potatoes you would have missed this joy.

Such is Fame!

"THIS week COLLIER'S contains a poetic effusion, the burden of which is the chickens that are kept on top of a barn in Vineland. As ever, this town is the center of attraction. Writers and publications all over the country are continually noticing Vineland, which makes many people want to see the town. All writers seem to have a good word for the place."—*Evening Journal*.

"Again, I erupt: but first let me tell you. Going to the post-office one day after your eulogy on my poem appeared, I found a letter from your office. 'Ha!' I ejaculated, surveying the letter as it were a hen. I opened it with blanched cheek. A check for \$25 dropped out. I tore my raven locks even as did George Bernard upon occasion. 'I have sowed the wind, I am reaping the whirlwind!' I cried. 'How did this Sherlock Holmes discover me? Did he from the slant of a postage stamp, the print of an inky thumb, learn that I am but a simple young farmer, asking only to gather the fruits of the soil in the sweat of his brow, who could never sell his produce if his townfolk knew all, and in keen revenge for my anonymous protest sends me filthy, filthy lucre?'

"Ah, it was bitter. I sat long on my load of bean-vines and thought. At last I gathered strength and courage to examine the envelope again. The letter enclosed told me that the money was in payment for a letter on 'The Saloon in Our Town' sent and entirely forgotten. I was as weak as a child as I lay back on the bean-vines all the way to the farm. The storm was a calm. I felt that the matter was closed, and that no one would ever know that I was the author of that simple and passionate poem which came from the heart of me.

"I didn't like what you said about goats. Again you touched me on the raw. My sister in California has invited me to visit her. She has just 'begun to keep a goat.' That is why I am here instead of there. Perhaps unconsciously you hurt me; perhaps with keen intuition and malevolent intention you chose your revenge.

"But I can interpret Mohammed. I know why angels prayed where three goats abode. Let me illustrate by a gentle home tale whose action you must reverse. A small boy, who had been taught to pray for a baby brother, got tired, and ceased his petitions. One morning he was invited to see twin brothers. After one hasty glance, he said: 'It's a lucky thing I stopped praying, or there would have been three of them.'

#### Experiences that Educate

"I FEEL that you are misled; that you are ignorant, that you do not realize that things are not what they seem. Life is real, life is earnest. Have you ever kept company with a horse who chose the middle of the road for long meditations? Did you ever try to chase a pig out of a garden? Do you have intimate relations with a 'Cat who walks by himself in the wild, wet Woods, waving his wild, wet Tail,' and later walks by himself upon the snowy sheets laid out to bleach? Speaking of pigs a moment since brought to mind a sad reminiscence. Have you ever bought one—*one* Guinea pig for a pet, believing it honorable and well-intentioned, and suddenly found yourself possessed of many Guinea pigs whose numbers grew even as you thought what to do with them, till you wished yourself in Swedenborg's heaven, where there is neither time nor space? Have you ever loved a real dog, one who was washed weekly or monthly, or when the teeter-board of life was up for him, half-yearly? Did your dog, after he was washed, and dried, and rubbed with clean towels till his hair was a shining fluff, and everybody had been called to 'see how lovely he looks,' call upon his guardian angel, who came, and turned our eyes away for a moment, and then—and then—sneak into the dripping garden, and roll in the mud, and come in immediately, immediately, with cocked ears and a happy tail?

"I know only one cow. Her name is Lilith. She is worthy of her name. She lays her chain across the road, and hides in the bushes at one side, waiting for the unwary traveler. She rises courteously



#### Two Articles in One Table and Desk Combined (Pat'd)

The Cadillac Desk-Table embodies preeminently the modern idea in furniture—

Compact  
Convenient  
Economical

**Compactness**—Modern apartments and homes, with their small rooms, require space saving furniture. The Cadillac combines a desk and a table in one article. It is the practical office desk, because it doubles desk space without increasing floor space.

**Convenience**—As a table for library, bedroom, den, students' room and office, it may be littered with books, papers, etc., but by simply pulling out the desk bed, you always have a clear space upon which to write. Pen racks and ink well sunk flush with desk bed—pen and ink always in place. Stationery compartment under lid of desk bed.

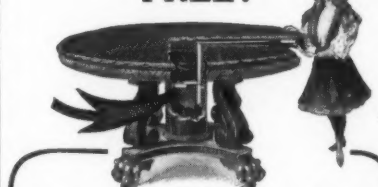
**Economy**—Because the Cadillac is both desk and table, you get two articles for the price of one. Correct styles and up-to-date finishes. Write for booklet C and name of "Cadillac" dealer in your city.

CADILLAC CABINET CO., Detroit, Mich.  
"Only the Cadillac is a Desk-Table."



**The CADILLAC Desk-Table**

#### Get a Tyden Table-Lock FREE!



with your dining table by insisting on your dealer selling you a

#### Hastings Extension Table

which is fitted with a celebrated Tyden Patent Table-Lock without extra charge.

We guarantee that a Hastings Pedestal Dining Table if it is locked will never spread apart at the bottom of pedestal.

It draws the two halves of the pedestal together from inside and holds them together with one hook so the center cannot sag.

#### The Tyden Lock Adds Years of Life to the Beauty of a Pedestal Table

As you buy only one or two dining tables in a lifetime, do not take a substitute look and hope it will be all right.

All Hastings Tables are guaranteed—they are high grade, beautifully finished and of surpassing workmanship, made in oak and mahogany, from \$20.00 to \$150.00.

#### New Book of Designs Free

Send for it and see the very latest 1908 correct designs in dining tables. It also shows our latest success, the combination table that extends to 72 inches and locks without opening the pedestal.

Buy a guaranteed table. The only one is the Hastings, marked like this, 85,000 now in use. Sold by furniture dealers everywhere.

Hastings Table Co., Dept. D, Hastings, Mich.



Over Two Million in Use!



# OSTERMOOR MATTRESS

\$15.

Inside  
Facts

Sent Free in  
150 Page Book  
"The Test of  
Time"

Outside  
Features

displayed in a  
variety of designs  
and Colors.  
Samples Free

## Inside Facts

Unfortunately, the inside of a mattress is concealed by the tick. If it was not there would be few mattresses sold except the Ostermoor.

The eight light, springy Ostermoor sheets—compressed evenly and hand-sewn in the tick, are the exclusive patented feature that make the Ostermoor mattress the most comfortable and sleep-inducing bed in the world.

The Ostermoor is **built**—not stuffed. It lasts a lifetime.

Hair mattresses sag and lump because the hair is stuffed in at one end and soon shifts and gets out of shape and must be entirely renovated or remade, which is both an annoyance and an expense.

The Ostermoor is germ-proof, vermin-proof, moisture-proof.

It is clean, healthy, comfortable, absolutely dust-proof and will never mat or pack or require remaking. It is the mattress for you if you appreciate these qualities.

## Outside Features

Built with the daintiest care, the hand-laid Ostermoor is the most shapely, evenly soft and enduringly elastic Mattress ever made.

The coverings are of the highest class. A few of the almost endless variety of patterns are here shown. They are made up with such mathematical accuracy, that the patterns or stripes are matched both top and bottom, while the sides duplicate each other.

The tufting is absolutely uniform as to distance, depth and tightness.

The Ostermoor is in fact the only Mattress that we consider *just right*.

The wonderful sheeted Ostermoor filling and the method of building up *layerwise*, instead of stuffing like hair, added to that exceptional attention given by our expert employees to all those "little things" in outside finish which count for so much, combine to produce this perfect Mattress.

It is all this which makes the Ostermoor *different, better, and more desirable* to all people of intelligence and refinement.

## Ask for Our Handsome 144-Page Book and Samples of Various Tickings---All Sent Free

This book contains over 200 illustrations by well-known artists—it is probably the most complete book ever issued for a like purpose.

It is not a catalogue—as you know a catalogue—but a work of real interest.

If you want this book "The Test of Time" simply write your name on a postal and send to us—we will know what you mean.

## BUY of YOUR OSTERMOOR DEALER

(We will give you his name on request)

IF HE HAS NONE IN STOCK, WE WILL SHIP YOU ONE DIRECT, EXPRESS PREPAID, SAME DAY YOUR CHECK IS RECEIVED BY US

The Ostermoor Mattress, full size, weighing 45 lbs., costs \$15.00. Order at once. Don't delay—tomorrow never comes—or send the postal today for the book and samples.

141 Elizabeth St.

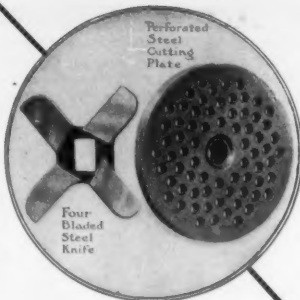
Ostermoor & Co.

New York City



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The "ENTERPRISE" Meat and Food Chopper is practically indestructible. This is due to the fact of its being made up of so few parts. No other chopper is so simple in construction, is so strong or cuts like the "ENTERPRISE." The parts illustrated show why the



## "ENTERPRISE" Meat and Food Chopper

really cuts—that's the whole secret. It is the *only true Meat Chopper*—the only one that has a razor-edged, four-bladed, steel knife and perforated steel plate that *actually cut* meat, fish, vegetables, etc., without losing any of the natural goodness and without tearing and mangling.

The "ENTERPRISE" Meat and Food Chopper is made in 45 sizes and styles for hand, steam and electric power. No. 5, Small Family Size, \$1.75; No. 10, Large Family Size, \$2.50.

### For Sale Everywhere

Other famous "ENTERPRISE" household specialties are Coffee Mills, Raisin Seeders, Fruit, Wine and Jelly Presses, Cherry Stoners, Cold Handle Sad Irons, etc., etc.

### Valuable Book of Recipes Free

We will send free to any woman writing us, a copy of our book "THE ENTERPRISING HOUSEKEEPER." Contains over 200 special and valuable recipes besides many useful kitchen helps.

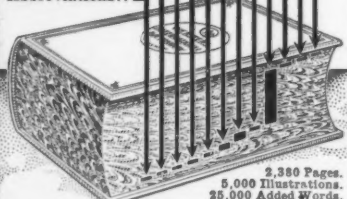
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## TORREY STROPS

are best. To use one, just before shaving, puts a razor in such fine trim that shaving is a luxury.

Torrey Stropps can be had for 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50, in style and quality to correspond with the price. Postpaid if your dealer doesn't have them, and a new strop or money back if not satisfied.

Ask for TORREY STROPS and RAZORS  
Torrey's On-Edge Dressing will keep any strop soft and pliable. Price 15c at dealers or mailed on receipt of price. Catalogue containing valuable information free.

J. R. TORREY & CO., Dept. A, Worcester, Mass.



when he appears, unconscious that every moment is likely to be his next; surveys him calmly, even benignly, but as his foot, his wheel approaches—is on—her chain—she in pretended embarrassment executes a *pas de seul* and rushes madly into the bushes to hide her face. We rush out and pick up the pieces, or speed the annoyed traveler on his weary way. Would you like Lilith?

### The Case of Gentle Lilith

"SHE has really a deep regard for her family, and a pure and lovely soul, but her sense of justice is deeper than her regard. One evening when Pa was putting her in her stall she gave her a gentle and persuasive kick on the hind leg to encourage her onward. She hastened as did the six hundred riding into the Valley of Death, but ere she started she, without show of anger, returned that kick and broke Pa's knee-cap. Would you have liked cows if you had been Pa?

"Did a whippoorwill ever keen like a banshee all night long under your window? Did you ever try to drive one sheep? Did a calf ever bite your finger to the bone as you taught it to drink milk? Did you ever—?

"Always, always I shall take my COLLIER'S and go out to sit under my Bot-tree and enjoy, and always, I know, shall I find valuable space which might have been used to tell us what kind of soap Taft uses, or how to build a bungalow out of match-boxes, delegated to 'Odes to an Octopus' and the like.

"P. S.—Pa says a calf can't bite, but they do something that answers the purpose.

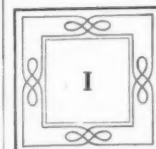
"A week later—I think it would be kind to omit the paragraph in which my townsfolk are praised for their sweet potatoes, and not for their sense of humor, for, as Joe Glargery said to Tip: '—it were my intentions to have put upon his tombstone that, Whatsum'er the failings on his part, Remember, reader, he were that good in his heart—'

"Still later—'Councilmen Harken and Lawley and Marshal C. P. Sharp are building chicken-coops, which betokens a revival in the hen industry on the West Side.'—Evening Journal."

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## What is the Answer for this Man?

He Needs Counsel as Frank and Simple as Grover Cleveland Once Gave Him



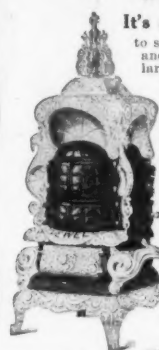
ENTERED a profession at an early age, became obsessed of it, gave it time, energy, and attainments without reserve—and failed to make a decent living. My constant cry to friend and mere acquaintance was as to how such service could be made more productive without smirching the ethical, without lowering the ideal. This cry went out to McKinley, Harlan, Allison, and many lesser lights, for years without eliciting an effective answer. Each of these replied, touching local conditions, perhaps success lay in another locality, among other people. Greeley's famous advice, "Go West," etc., was revamped into a score of forms equally fallacious and misleading. It remained for Grover Cleveland to say: "Go to work for your wife and babies; refuse no brief, but always charge enough and collect the charge if the client is worth it. Let no man say: 'That's cheap enough'; let no man hint: 'He's easy.'" Sounds simple, you think? It is in just such simple expressions we find true greatness.

### After Competence Arrived

NOW, as to the premises and the belated query. After more than twenty years of struggle, our income, the income of wife and me, is more than ample; debts incurred for the purchase of a home, for education of ourselves and children, for doctor's fees and furnishings, are melting away like snows beneath the April rains. We can visit "the lakes," do Chautauquas, own a pew in the "best" church in town, buy an occasional good bond at the prevailing low prices and have money in the bank. Envious condition, bordering on heavenly, you think? Granted, as to appearance, as to outward show only. There is a debit side. Wife has two silk dresses she has worn only twice (each) this year, and wants another; two bicycles hang unused in the shed; the horse wears out his shoes on the stable floor and fattens in idleness; son longs for the "going away" to college not yet arrived; daughter yearns for a definite call to "foreign missions"; another daughter plays golf listlessly, ex-

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to stove security, satisfaction and service. It means a dollar's worth of stove for a dollar. It shows where to buy the genuine Jewel stoves and ranges—conceded the best for forty years—and still the best. Buy where you see this sign. Eliminate risk.

Jewel stoves are the only stoves built of long lasting fire-resisting Kemi-Test Metal, famous for durability. The only stoves sold at popular prices exclusively on the basis of high quality, construction and resultant fuel economy. "Buy a Jewel and save fuel" is a saying made famous by the users of Jewel stoves. They can't help saying it—it's a fact borne out by saving experience.

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are the most generally used and widest selling stoves in the world. Over four millions and one hundred thousand in use. That proves satisfactory service—the kind of service you want—the kind you want in exchange for your good money.

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This Trade Mark Identifies genuine "Jewels." Look for it on the stove or range you buy. A guarantee of satisfaction.

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### The everyday necessity of the home

No matter what other methods are employed for cleaning carpets or rugs, there still remains the everyday necessity for a good, medium-priced, hand-propelled carpet sweeper that promptly and efficiently gathers up all dirt or litter, without noise, dust or effort.

The housewives of the world attest the superiority of the BISSELL. The genuine, original sweeper, the recognized leader in every country where carpets and rugs are used.

You can double your comfort in the use of the Bissell by having two machines, one for upstairs and one for down. This saves carrying the sweeper up and down, and insures having a sweeper always at your command. No woman who has ever used a Bissell sweeper can get along without one.

Write for a booklet illustrating our standard brands, and telling you in detail what the sweeper accomplishes, and the sacrifices you are making in not having one.

Prices, \$2.50 to \$8.50. Booklet mailed on request. Buy of your dealer, send us the purchase slip within one week from date of purchase, and we will send you a card case with no printing on it, something any lady or gentleman will appreciate.

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Which has exclusive features not to be had on other ranges, such as:—  
The Stone Oven Bottom absorbs and holds the heat in oven, a fuel saver.  
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And if you do not find it the handsomest looking, best cooker of any range you ever saw, send it right back. Send for catalogue, it tells all about the exclusive features, the liberal terms upon which we sell, and how we save you money.

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## FREE BOOK TELLS OF THIS GUN



## A SHOT WITH EVERY TICK OF THE WATCH

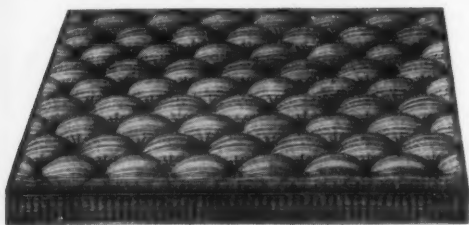
SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS  
This hammerless repeater is the most rapid pump gun made; it has every known improvement—easy take-down feature, heavy breech block, covered mechanism and top rib if desired. Catalogue shows our other shot guns, doubles, singles, etc. A postal brings our book—FREE The Union Fire Arms Co., 266 Auburndale, Toledo, O.

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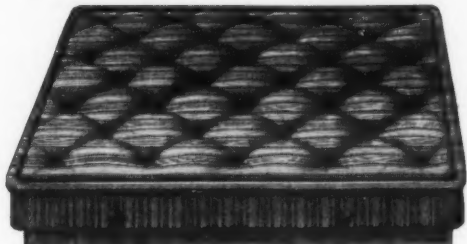


# Know The Hirschman Line Of Highest Quality Mattresses

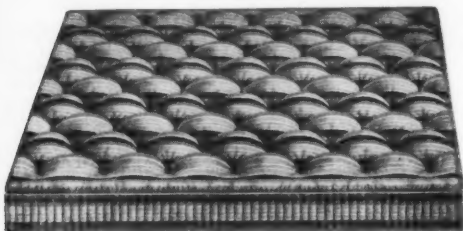
**T**HERE is no rest without complete relaxation. Complete relaxation is impossible unless the body is absolutely comfortable. A hollow or a lump in a bed will prevent complete relaxation even in sleep. The body muscles resent their discomfort without consciousness on your part. So you may sleep soundly all night and wake tired in the morning. There's nothing but perfect comfort in any Hirschman Mattress.



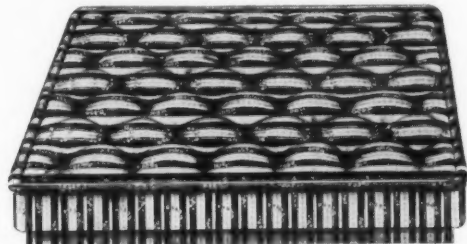
**\$9.00** Hirschman's "Acorn"  
45-Pound Cotton Felt Mattress  
A popular mattress of the less expensive grades. Careful expert construction. Deeply tufted. Good quality ticking. Strong stitched and of much higher value than those usually sold at higher prices.



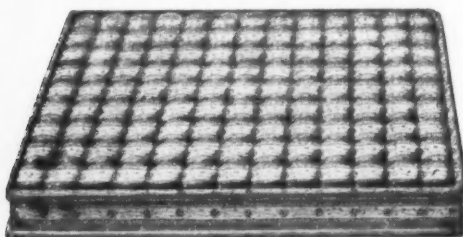
**\$20.00** Hirschman's "Jupiter"  
Cotton Felt Top Spring Mattress  
Is upholstered entirely by hand. Over Hirschman's hand tied construction is laid 20 pounds of cotton felt sheets encased in good grade sateen finish or art ticking. Finished with roll edge.



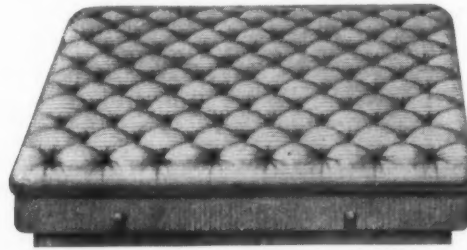
**\$12.75** Hirschman's "Jewel"  
45-Pound Cotton Felt Mattress  
The most popular medium priced cotton felt mattress. Deeply tufted. Closely stitched on edge. High grade, selected, cotton felt. Round corners. Fancy stripe dust-proof ticking. Better than average \$15 mattress.



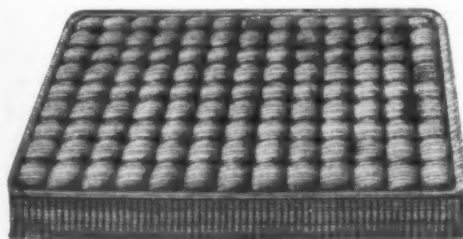
**\$30.00** Hirschman's "Capital"  
Single-Deck Turkish Spring Mattress  
Has all the special features of Hirschman's hand tied construction found in the "Queen," but, to meet the needs of those who wish an all cotton felt top, is upholstered with 30 pounds of specially selected, warranted, cotton felt sheets instead of curled hair.



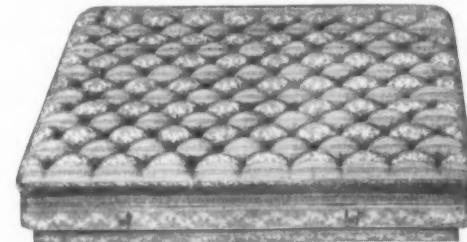
**\$14.00** Hirschman's "Imperial"  
50-Pound Cotton Felt Mattress  
Built of extra quality cotton felt. Each layer hand laid by experts. Snowy white, guaranteed free from all foreign substances. Biscuit tufted, closely stitched on border with Imperial edge. Upholstered in dainty designs and delicate tints of high grade art ticking.



**\$40.00** Hirschman's "Queen"  
Single-Deck Turkish Spring Mattress  
Each spring, hand tied 9 times. Springs covered with strong webbing on which is evenly distributed 20 pounds of long, black, curled hair. Ticking of beautiful design. Deeply tufted. French edge. Finishes 9 inches above rail.



**\$16.50** Hirschman's "Azores"  
60-Pound Cotton Felt Mattress  
The handsomest cotton felt mattress made. Extra quality, guaranteed, cotton felt sheets of even thickness laid with extreme care by experts. Deep tufted—stitched 4 times on border with Imperial edge. Highest grade German linen ticking in stripes or design.



**\$50.00** The Hirschman "King"  
Double-Deck Turkish Spring Mattress  
The best bed built. Contains 192 oil-tempered coil springs, each hand tied 9 times. Upholstered with 22 pounds specially selected long, black, curled hair. Covered with finest mercerized art ticking. No other bed like it. Patented. Get catalog for full description of this and every Hirschman mattress.

## A Good Bed Brings Health

**G**OOD health—energy and a clear brain are necessary to successful endeavor. He who rests well at night is ready for anything. He is a man's man—always up and doing.

Insomnia is more dreadful than a lingering chronic disease. A comfortable bed will do more to cure insomnia than potions or pills.

Better to slight every other article in the house if necessary than to buy an uncomfortable mattress.

A good bed pays a large dividend of health.

## 60 Nights of Comfort FREE

Every Hirschman Mattress is Sold on 60 Nights' Free Trial. If Your Dealer Hasn't One He Can Get For You Any Style You Desire.

## To Show You What Comfort Is

You may think you know what a good bed is now. Maybe you are used to your own bed—and don't notice its discomfort. You will know as soon as you have slept on a Hirschman Mattress one night the luxury of a perfect bed.

Cost does not prove the quality of a mattress. You are safe in buying a Hirschman. For Hirschman's beds have always been the best to be had. They are perfect beds now. They have always been so. Hirschman has a reputation to sustain. Every Hirschman mattress is guaranteed.

A high quality Hirschman mattress will last a lifetime. They have perfect and superior construction—best materials—best workmanship. Everything that can make them superior is put into the production of the Hirschman line.

Fill out the coupon below and mail it to us. Our book—"The Story of a Good Bed"—not only describes in detail just how the Hirschman beds are made and of what they are made. The descriptions are fully and completely illustrated by photographic cuts.

Try the one you select. Sleep on it 60 nights. If it isn't all that we claim for it—if it isn't just exactly as represented—if for any other reason you are dissatisfied, we will take it back and return your money—you will not be out one penny. We cannot show greater faith in Hirschman superiority than by making this liberal offer.

You can order today from this advertisement. Our guarantee protects you.

**The J. C. Hirschman Company**  
31 Years' Experience  
Indianapolis - Indiana

### Look for this Trade Mark

See that this is on Every Mattress or Upholstered Spring You Buy

The Hirschman Guarantee Protects You



### FREE COUPON

Use this Free Coupon or a Postal Card. Tear or clip this out and mail to

The J. C. Hirschman Company  
Department A  
Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Sirs:—Send me your book about "The Hirschman Line" entitled

"The Story of a Good Bed"

My dealer's name is .....

His address is .....

My name is .....

My address is .....

City..... State.....

If Your Dealer Can't Show You The Hirschman Line, Write Us and We Will See that You are Promptly Supplied with Just What You Want

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

31

# Banish Ignition Trouble

You can make certain of the perfect firing of your engine by having your motor car equipped with the Remy High Tension Magneto—

The simplest magneto on the market. For instance, the Remy is the magneto without brushes. No brushes to give you trouble, wear out and be replaced. The little attention that the Remy needs can be understood by any motorist at a glance.

With this Magneto the horse-power of any car is increased from 5 to 20 per cent by actual brake test.

More Remy Magnetos have already been sold for 1909 cars than all our competitors combined can sell. The total number to date exceeds 15,000. And more Remy Magnetos are now in use on American-built cars than all others put together.

If the most experienced motorists of the country think so much of it you certainly take no chances with the Remy.

## We are the Oldest Manufacturers of Magnetos in America

Our magnetos were giving splendid service before the automobile became practicable. The Remy is used in the 200 h. p. gasoline electric steel cars manufactured for the Union Pacific by the McKeen Motor Car Company.

The Remy is used with the powerful engines that operate the big Gerling gangs of fourteen plows in the West.

The Remy is used on all the Buick, Maxwell, Apper-

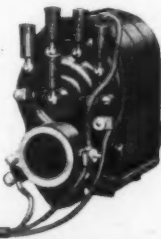
son, Overland, Cameron, Midland, Nordyke & Marmon, and Haynes cars—and more Remy's are being specified every day for the cars of other makers.

Write us for illustration and full description of our new magneto. If you are a victim of firing troubles have the Remy put on your car right away.

Be sure to specify a Remy Magneto for your 1909 car.



**Remy Electric Company**  
Dept. 18, Anderson, Indiana



**YOU need never worry about your boy's company when he is chumming with**

**The American Boy**

It is supported by able contributors. Fascinating articles and fine pictures: departments of Photography—Collecting—Mechanics—Electricity—Sports; make this the cleanest, brightest publication for boys, inspiring higher and nobler ideals.

Send \$1.00 to-day and get this valuable periodical for a year—12 big books of highest-class reading. Sample copy, roc.

SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., 51 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

**SIRLOIN CUT**

—So many summer residents give us standing orders to ship our goods to them at their winter homes, that we thought you would like to buy direct from us if you knew the kind of goods we pack.

Our Sirloin Cut Steak Cod is a packing of choice steaks cut from the tenderest parts of the cod, and when served is much richer than the ordinary dry white shredded kind you usually get. We pack many other good things, too.

Write for Booklet It tells about our goods and contains the best receipts for cooking codfish.

**WE SELL YOU DIRECT** LORD BROS. CO. PORTLAND, ME.

## "THEY FIT ROYALLY"



**Emperor** Shirts, \$1.00 and up  
**Princely** Shirts, 50¢ and 75¢

SLIP into an "EMPEROR" or a "PRINCELY" Shirt at your favorite shop. The first thing you perceive is the fullness of cut. That means no binding anywhere and delightful freedom everywhere. What next impresses you is the firmness of the fabric, the richness of the coloring and the exclusiveness of the pattern.

Then—if you are observant of details—you will pause at the well-worked button-holes; the fine-quality pearl buttons; the true stitching; the perfect shaping of the armholes and the beautiful laundering.

The quality of "EMPEROR" and "PRINCELY" Shirts belittles their moderate price. They are custom-made in all but name, and "they fit royally."

Your dealer sells them. More than 900 modish and exclusive designs to choose from. Insist on getting "EMPEROR" or "PRINCELY" Shirts, and look for either of the labels shown above. None genuine without them. Beautiful Style-Panorama "A" in colors sent free. Write for it.

**PHILLIPS-JONES COMPANY, 502-504 Broadway, New York**  
Also Makers of "Jack-Rabbit" Work Shirts  
Largest Shirt Manufacturers in the United States. Established 1862.

**Send for Our Time Switch Book**

Tells how current may be economized by merchants, factory owners, railroads and other electricity users by installing an Anderson Electric Time Switch. Weather-proof, waterproof, works with reliability indoors or out. Will last many years. Sold by electrical contractors and jobbers. Send for descriptive booklet.

**Albert & J. M. Anderson Mfg. Co.**  
290 A St., Boston, Mass.

**FOR SOLID COMFORT** there is nothing to equal the

**"Kyndu" Rocking Couch**

Rests every tired muscle from head to foot. A real home luxury at small cost. Sent on free trial. Illustrated booklet tells all about our Rocking Couches and Chairs. Write for it.

**KYNDU MFG. CO., 734 W. Kinzie Street, CHICAGO**

cept when upheld by the "cute" remarks of her sometimes (first) boy escort; son refuses to go again to "the lakes" until he has a "launch"; wife returns from a well-appointed and well-intentioned outing, declaring there was "nothing doing"; the "old man" is impatient with these frailties and seeks to correct them by long-winded expositions that are neither heard, cared for, nor understood. He trembles on the verge of failure, because he can not rise (or descend) to an understanding and solution of this, his greatest problem. He has carried the load so long, he has maintained the game so steadily and persistently, he has such love and pride (note love comes first) for and in his wife and children, that he is staggered, dismayed, all but overwhelmed, by the prospect. A divorce is imminent, and he curses all divorce laws fervently. A breaking up of home and scattering of children seems unavoidable, and he prays for the reestablishment of patriarchal and feudal conditions. Suicide offers its seductive hope (coupled with a small fortune in life insurance for the complete ruin of his family), and he heaps anathemas on the daily papers that flaunt this remedy (?) before his nervous, searching, anxious eyes. Where lies the remedy? Is it in secluded, introspective, retrospective, philosophical, dogmatic reasonings and deductions? Is it in a greater, more absorbing application to work? Is it in an arbitrary, stern, commanding, dominating control? Is it in a year's trip to California or around the world for the wife? Is it in a trip to the mountains or Niagara for the daughters, that in the presence of the majesty and grandeur of nature they may learn the smallness of the human unit? Is it in a year or two on "the farm" for the son? Is it in any or all of these things?

\* \* \*

## The Saloon and the Outlawed Express Package

In the Prohibition South a Serious Dilemma has Arisen

"OKOLONA, MISS.

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"I don't know if I can express myself clearly as I want to, but desire to put before you a few things that are noticeable in regard to the whisky question here in the South. I am not arguing pro or con, but weighing the matter in my mind continually.

"The place in which I live is one of those slow, typical, easy-going, really 'country' towns, found throughout this section, and we have no saloons here. Yet it is a hard matter to pick out any absolute teetotalers among the men here—and I am in business and on friendly terms with practically every one—I might say ninety per cent drink to some extent.

Three Saloons Needed

"TO GET their whisky they order it from a town 125 miles north of here, and it comes by express. The express company's business here seems to be more whisky than anything else. The agent gets a regular commission—indirectly—from the liquor houses. Our country is poor—about half the year our warrants are no good. Schools are few and poor; roads very bad, county and town—public improvements far behind other places. But the general run of citizenship is away above the average. If we had, say, three clean, well-managed saloons here, paying a high license (it would take three large saloons to sell as much as is shipped in here), there would be 'good' money paid into the city and county treasuries each month which now leaves here for good—yet seems certain to be spent. On the other hand, we who have boys growing up (and I have two whom I hope to raise as total abstainers) dread the influence of the brilliantly lighted, music and laughter-filled saloons, even though they, as minors, are not allowed in them (?)—and, too, they don't remain minors long. Again, on the other hand, why can't we so raise these boys to have will-power enough to resist all these temptations? A boy may be put in charge of large sums of money, yet he is not tempted to spend. Why shouldn't it be possible to teach them in a manner that precludes any temptation to drink? Yes, this seems an endless chain, bringing in environment, prenatal influences, etc.

"I know I am so wrapped up in my own boys that we watch closely but discreetly every opportunity to build up this argument against temptation—not preaching, but words dropped here and there

## Buy it in the "Knock Down" And Save Two-Thirds

The finished parts of a complete piece of furniture, including fastenings, Mission stains, etc., are shipped to you in a compact crate. You need only to put the parts together, put on the stain, etc., according to simple instructions—an hour's work and it is done.

Every piece is selected oak.

You save—(1) in the factory cost. (2) in the factory profit. (3) all the dealer's profit. (4) 1/2 of the freight. (5) cost of finishing. (6) cost of expensive packing.

I absolutely guarantee you will be satisfied—that I will sell you a useful furniture at about one-third of what a dealer would charge for a similar piece. I will instantly refund your money and freight charges if you are not satisfied. You do not risk one cent. I have made this statement as strong as I know how. The goods warrant it.

My system is revolutionizing the furniture business just as my knock-down system has revolutionized the boat building business.

My free catalogue is a revelation in economy in artistic furnishings, showing 40 pieces from \$2 to \$25, suitable for the home, office, lodge or club. Send for it today.

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**Brooks Manufacturing Co.**  
110 Ship Street  
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**Latest Creations of**

**Stuyler's**

**Fresh Every Hour Mixture**  
In Sealed Tins

**Soul Kisses**  
A Caress in Confections

**Marshmallows**  
In Sealed Decorated Tins

**Nutrio Nut Chocolate**  
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In 10-cent Packages

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For Afternoon Teas

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The usual **Stuyler's** Superiority of **Quality and Flavor**

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Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label. Get "Improved," no tacks required.

**Wood Rollers** **Tin Rollers**

**Ann Arbor Lighting System**

The most up-to-date and complete lighting system on the market. Beautiful fixtures for the home. Attractive high candle power inverted arcs for stores, halls, etc. The best proposition going for lighting agents. Write today for agents' terms and territory. Handouts catalog free.

**Superior Mfg. Co.**  
270 Second St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

**SAVE 60%** Safety Razor Blades Resharpended

All safety razor blades resharpended at 2c. each. Add 1c. per oz. return postage. Address **MAIL DEPT. ELECTRO STROPPING CO., 130 Shelby St., Detroit, Mich.**

Accept men in standard

Harvard a new e apparel They p sively a and cor is best by the "well-gr

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FALL  
1908

## HARVARD CLOTHES

Accepted by the best-dressed young men in the country as the highest standard of appearance and quality.

Harvard Clothes mark a new era in the proper appareling of young men. They possess exclusively a snap, dignity and correctness that is best described by the phrase "well-groomed."

Harvard Clothes can be secured anywhere in the United States at prices ranging from \$15.00 for a guaranteed all-wool suit, to \$35.00.

Harvard Clothes are designed particularly for the young man who wishes to improve his wardrobe, without increasing his expenditures.

Write today for our free fashion booklet explaining why it is to your advantage to wear the best clothes in America, and we will refer you to a Harvard dealer who will take pleasure in showing you the line. Made only by

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383 Fifth Avenue, CHICAGO



Get our  
Free  
Style  
Book

every day. But I notice others don't. Seems to me that the weakness is not in the continuity of the saloon temptation, but in the slackness of perpetual education and comradeship in the home. But I don't know—I am only studying and watching, ever on the alert to help their little upward footsteps to show them a better way. What is the solution?

"Yours as a reader,

"CLINT C. STEINBERGER."

\*\*\*

## Sesquicentennial Week at Pittsburg

Translated, This Means That the  
Steel City has just Celebrated  
Her 150th Birthday



PITTSBURG has finished her birthday celebration, has come through her sesquicentennial, which, translated, means the observance of 150 years of growth. There was a week of festivities, beginning with church services on Sunday, September 27, ending with the carnival, which was not so decorous. There were distinguished visitors in the city, native and foreign, descendants of the people who founded and made Pittsburg both possible and famous; descendants of the Indians and the French and the English, and those who were to be Americans, with the interest centering, possibly, in that gentle, gracious woman, bearer of a famous name, both family and individual, tracing her lineage back to the half-brother of the first President, Miss Martha Washington.

### Famous Persons and the Crowd

THERE were, besides her, the descendants of the great Earl of Chatham, and representatives of the family of the warrior who commanded the first expedition to the Fort Pitt that was to become the industrial city of the world, General John Forbes. There were, in addition, men prominent in the life of the city and the State and the nation. But over and above all, there was the crowd. For it is estimated that something like a half million of people came from other points for the celebration to the city which normally has only that much population.

As Pittsburg is peculiar to itself, in its industry, in its progress, in its way of making money and of spending it, so the celebration of its years of growth was unlike what similar circumstance might have brought about in any other town. For when the night came on the climax-day of the week the city flocked to the business section, and the several blocks became a seething scene of carnival. There were two days after that Thursday of pleasurable riot in which the guests were entertained, and things set down upon the official program were carried out, but the midnight bell on that day sounded the finale of the celebration for the many.

As was fitting in a place that has more religious landmarks than any other city in the country—for Pittsburg, in addition to its other claims to glory, is the headquarters of many a denomination—the week began with the ringing of the church bells on Sunday morning. There were religious services which were attended by Miss Hester Louise Pitt-Taylor, the great-granddaughter of the famous William Pitt, and her niece, Miss Madeline Hester Pitt-Taylor, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Forbes, the former a great-great-grandnephew of General John Forbes, who was one of the big figures in the early history of Pittsburg, and after whom one of the city's principal thoroughfares is named. On Sunday afternoon these guests attended a monster religious service at one of the theaters in which the leading clergymen of all denominations took part.

### The Block House Ceremony

THE celebration proper opened on Monday morning, September 28, with the riding through the city of heralds, garbed in ancient habit, who with their trumpets awoke the people to the realization that the holiday was begun. On Monday afternoon there was the first and principal patriotic exercise of the week, the dedication of a tablet at the Block House, which stands at what is known as the Point, where the Monongahela and Allegheny Rivers join to form the Ohio, and which is the only remnant of the Fort Pitt, which was Fort Duquesne, and before that was the stronghold built on the suggestion of Lieutenant George Washington. It is of

## The Graceful, Easy Stride

THE great triumph of John J. Hayes, the Irish-American lad who won the Olympic Marathon race, exemplified at Central Park, New York. Young men, here is another convincing chapter proving the advantage of O'Sullivan's Live Rubber Heels in securing the easy, graceful stride in running or walking.



PHOTO BY FOLEY  
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HUMPHREY O'SULLIVAN

### JOHN J. HAYES (Winner of the Marathon Race)

After giving an exhibition of Marathon running at Central Park, September 11, showing how heels of live rubber accelerate the graceful, easy stride, before a party of advertising men from Boston. Mr. Hayes showed his skill in preparing his running shoes as well as in winning the great race. He had a light pair of O'Sullivan's live rubber heels attached to his running shoes. His success proved the correctness of his judgment and verifies what O'Leary, the veteran pedestrian, always maintains, that it's the "head" that wins all such tests of endurance.

## Moral

If you want to walk easily and gracefully, do it like John J. Hayes. If you want to walk brisker and farther with the same effort, do it like Dan O'Leary, head thrown back, chest out, with a cane for company. Dan knows that true walking comfort and grace of carriage spring from O'Sullivan's live rubber heels. He eliminates the jar on his spinal column, his brain, by padding the point of greatest contact with live rubber. Why not get the live, healthy habit-walk?

When you order rubber heels and pay 50 cents, see that you get O'Sullivan's. They are the only heels made of live rubber. Substitutes leave the shoemaker a bit more profit.

The name "O'Sullivan" on rubber is like "Sterling" on silver.

## Black Horn CHAMOIS

is the genuine velvet like Chamois used years ago for all household and saddlery purposes. It is tanned in cod oil by the old French hand processes and is guaranteed not to harden. We are the first and only manufacturers branding our Chamois and guaranteeing its quality.

If it isn't perfect you return it to us by mail and get a new piece or your money back.

Insist upon Black Horn Chamois and you will get the best; or send direct to us. Sizes: 1, 1 1/2, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 square feet. Price 25c per square foot.

**BLACK HORN CHAMOIS**  
is the only  
Guaranteed brand

### WARM CHAMOIS GARMENTS

Our Washable Chamois Hunting jackets, Shirts, Vests, Drawers etc afford ideal protection from cold. Hundreds of them are worn by sportsmen, automobilists and doctors. All garments made to order. Write for booklet showing Chamois in colors.

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"3-in-One" is a household oil, lubricating, cleaning, polishing and preventing rust—

Try for oiling sewing machines, clocks, locks, guns, bicycles, etc. Try for cleaning and polishing any furniture; fine pianos, old tables, etc. Try for preventing rust on any metal surface. Trial bottle sent free.


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The largest retail piano business in the world has been built up by us in the past 45 years. Let us send you free information and prices of 30 leading makes. Also new plan of easy payments. Pianos shipped everywhere. We give absolute guarantee of highest musical qualities. All prices wonderfully reasonable. Special Bargains: 12 second-hand Steinway Uprights, 3 Webbers, 2 Lyon & Healy's, 6 Washburns, rebuilt in our factory equal to new, at very low prices. Teachers and students would appreciate these instruments. Write today.

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## A copy of the new book of Collier Art Prints contains 132 reproductions

the works of Parrish, Pyle, Remington, Frost, Penfield, and the foremost American artists. A feature of the book this year is a series of full-page pictures and intimate sketches of the artists themselves.

For 15 Cents we send you this Book Prepaid and Rebate the 15 cents with your first purchase of one dollar or more.

This book is a thing of beauty and of educational value—too valuable to send free—but when you realize that it contains 48 Gibson reproductions, 27 Remingtons, and 55 others—Maxfield Parrish's beautiful Arabian Nights Prints, Edward Penfield's Animal Pictures for the Nursery, Jessie Willcox Smith's Pictures of Children—132 in all, it is certain you will want the book and some of the pictures as well. Mail 15 cents in stamps. Address

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### Ribbed Fleece Underwear

Made by a patented machine which knits an elastic rib outside and a warm fleece inside—two entirely different fabrics in one. The elastic rib insures fit, comfort and ventilation. The inside fleece maintains an even bodily temperature and affords protection against sudden chills.

Prices—Men's and Women's garments, 50c; ladies' union suits, \$1.00; children's union suits, 50c, single garments, 25c per garment. Look for the Vellastic trademark in red sewed on every garment. Booklet and sample of Vellastic fabric free.

UTICA KNITTING COMPANY  
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### The ERICKSON LEG

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## THE Remington IDEA



### Solid breech—Hammerless

THE Autoloading Rifle and Shot Gun are reloaded by their own recoil. The Pump Gun has the slide action. All embody the REMINGTON "IDEA." Note the clean SOLID BREECH of each without protruding hammer. Get the "IDEA"? Then get a REMINGTON

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## BREATHE-RITE

### You can't breathe wrong with \$1 BREATHE-RITE \$1

**MEN**  
The only difference between the man at the right and the man at the left of this card is the difference made by BREATHE-RITE.

**WOMEN**  
BREATHE-RITE will make a marked improvement in the figure and health of any woman who does not stand erect naturally and without effort.

**BOYS**  
In spite of constant reminders, the average youngster forgets to "stand up straight." BREATHE-RITE is a gentle but firm teacher of correct pose and breathing.

**GIRLS**  
Add BREATHE-RITE to your daughter's wardrobe and note the benefit to her health and appearance that results from wearing it.

Recommended by physicians. If your dealer cannot supply you, send of his name and "One Dollar" and "BREATHE-RITE" will be forwarded at once prepaid. Made of an indestructible elastic and one size fits anybody.

THE BREATHE-RITE CO.  
43 West 34th Street  
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We have an interesting proposition for wide-awake men and women agents in your territory.

## Keeps Heat "Just Right"

### Both Day and Night



This "boss" of the heating plant looks after your comfort, stands guard over your coal bin and safeguards the family from colds due to uneven temperature in the home.

**The Jewell Controller**  
with Time Clock Attachment  
is the only device that automatically provides for higher temperature in the morning without losing thermostatic control through the night.

For example: Suppose you want to reduce the temperature of the house to 60 degrees during the night, but would like to have it at 70 degrees by the time the family arises.

Before retiring, you set back the controller to 60 degrees. Then you set the time clock attachment to bring the temperature up to 70 at seven o'clock.

In spite of any sudden changes outdoors during the night, the Controller will maintain the temperature and the clock will open the drafts in time to give the desired warmth in the morning. For steam, hot water, hot air.

Write for booklet "The House Comfortable" and free trial offer.

JEWELL MFG. CO.  
38 N. Green St., Auburn, N. Y.

## Inner Comfort for Sportsmen

### Hot or Cold Drinks All Day Long



Going shooting, fishing, boating, motoring or camping? Then see that the liquid is carried in a CALORIS Bottle—the wonderful vacuum bottle that keeps things ice cold or steaming hot 72 hours at a stretch. The

## CALORIS BOTTLE

is the only guaranteed thermal bottle, and is sold at the lowest price. Has no end of uses in the home. Avoid substitutes. Get the CALORIS.

PRICES, INDIVIDUAL BOTTLES:  
Metal Covered, Pints, \$3.50; Quarts, \$5.50.  
Wicker Covered, Pints, \$3.00; Quarts, \$4.50.

Two wicker covered pint bottles in substantial fibroid case, \$6.00.

If not at your dealer's, remit direct. Sent anywhere in United States on receipt of price. Guaranteed satisfactory or your money back.

CALORIS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 2118 Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

## "Korrek Shape"

### Patent Leather Shoes GUARANTEED NOT TO BREAK

When you go to buy shoes, locate the store where "Korrek Shapes" are sold, pick out a style you like, and then get a pair that feels absolutely right on your feet. Depend upon it, those shoes will be comfortable every minute you have them on until, in the course of human events, they come to the end of a long and faithful service. The reason for this is because "Korrek Shape" means shoes made on a model designed in scientific conformity with foot-anatomy.

Another reason why you will like "Korrek Shapes" better than other shoes is that you can buy them with the satisfied feeling that you have no need to worry about the reliability of the patent leather.

We authorize your dealer to give you a new pair free should the patent "Burroja's" leather in the uppers break through before the first sole is worn through. Look for the "Burroja's" label in the lining.

No other shoes can be had made of guaranteed "Burroja's" leathers. Price \$4.00 per pair.

3 out dealers sell "Korrek Shape" shoes for men—probably at least one in your town. If not, you can buy from our Catalog. It shows 21 snappy fall styles, and we send the shoes prepaid. Send for it today.

Patent Blucher, Box Kid Top, "Stanley" Toe, Style No. 28.

PRICE \$4 For Men



Send for Catalog Today

Custom \$5 Made

THE BURT & PACKARD CO., Makers  
Department B3, Brockton, Mass.

this spot that Washington said in one of his journals dealing with his tour over the Alleghany Mountains: "I spent some time in viewing the rivers [the Monongahela and Allegheny] and the land in the fork, which I think extremely well situated for a fort, and it has the absolute command of both rivers."

The fort was built as suggested, but when those in charge left it to seek provisions in April, 1754, the French under Contrecoeur happened along and seized it. The place was named Fort Duquesne in honor of the Governor-General of Canada. After this came the fights in which Braddock suffered defeat and death—the site of his battle being the present borough of Braddock where are some of the world's greatest steel mills—and in which General Forbes captured Fort Duquesne. In his letter the next day, telling of the capture to Lieutenant-Governor Denny, Forbes used the date line: "Fort Duquesne—or now Pitts-Borough." And the latter name, condensed and modernized, is the name of the city to-day.

At the Block House ceremony these things were recounted. The tablet which was dedicated tells in brief the history of the spot and bears the dates of the three visits Washington paid to it—1753, 1758, and 1770. The Pitt-Taylor and the Forbeses took part in the exercises. Three flags, the French, British, and American, typifying the three Governments that held sway over the territory, were raised, the British colors being raised by Arthur Forbes. General S. B. M. Young, former Lieutenant-General commanding of the army, also participated.

### Kindly Weather and Good Nature

THE rain of Monday was the only untoward incident, from a weather standpoint, of the week. Every day after that was of the ideal fall weather sort that western Pennsylvania has for all its own. The river pageant—rather disappointing—and the land parade of Thursday had bright skies and cool breezes as their concomitants. In the marine parade was represented the development of water transportation from the earliest days to the present, a feature being the presence of a hundred Indians of the Cornplanter tribe at Warren, Pennsylvania, with the present chief, a descendant of the famous John Cornplanter, at their head. They rode in canoes at the head of the parade, and made a pretty good job of it, in view of the fact that most of them never had seen a canoe before. Likewise they had no acquaintance with war-paint and feathers. But they were agreeable, and they got the outfits at a department store, while a theatrical man showed them how to paint their faces.

The great day of the week was Thursday when the land parade, illustrating the growth of the city in every line of progress, stretched over several miles of streets packed with cheering thousands. Vice-President Fairbanks, former Ambassador Horace Porter, Governor Edwin S. Stuart, and former Governor Pennypacker were some of the notables who rode in the parade, of which General S. B. M. Young was chief marshal.

The floats were mainly martial in spirit, and vividly rendered the horrors and cruelties of Indian warfare, the victories of the Revolution, and the episodes of the Civil War. A miniature replica of a modern war vessel was manned by attaches of the local navy recruiting station.

One of the eight interesting divisions of the parade was that of the "City of Pittsburgh." Early and modern appliances of the police, fire, and street-cleaning departments were thrown into striking contrasts. Hundreds of city employees were in line. A mammoth shoe filled with school-children was one of the features. The Bureau of Parks was represented by a float surrounded by men bearing gardeners' implements, and on it were grass and flowers in tasteful grouping.

The Boys' Brigade organizations turned out in all ages from small boys to men.


There was turbulence in plenty on Thursday night, the great night of the sesquicentennial week. But it was of the decent order, noisy, familiar to the point of roughness almost, at times, but good-natured, as is the habit of the city. Not less than in its business methods is Pittsburgh peculiar to itself in its celebrations. In the city of iron and steel and smoke the Halloween celebration is a yearly event that, in lesser degree, has all the importance of Mardi Gras to New Orleans. The climax of the "sesqui week" was a half dozen Halloweens rolled into one. But when it was all over few were hurt and none was sore.

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The shocks and jars of walking and pounding over city pavements and hard floors day after day not only weary the body and cause aching muscles but tend to produce chronic nervousness, making you irritable, shirk work, and take from your happiness in a hundred ways.

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slip inside your shoes and take up all the shocks. They are the acme of comfort and add an ease and grace to walking you will be glad of. Gilbert Heel Cushions have been bringing relief to thousands for years—they are of proven worth. Many have said: "I never would have believed that so simple a contrivance could give so much comfort." You wear half a size smaller shoe with heel cushions. Overcome your natural inertia and order a pair NOW.

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Price, \$1.00, postpaid.

Special cushions also for those who have one leg shorter.

Book about foot comfort on request.

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If you will read between the lines a little, you will see that we must

give extra good values in our Suits and Overcoats to be able to safely make such a wide-open, up-to-you, money-back offer as this. As a matter of fact, we do.

You can pay more money for your clothes if you wish, but it won't buy a bit more style, service or satisfaction than you will secure in

## Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments

Remember, we guarantee this—put our money behind it—and you are the judge.

We don't know of another clothing manufacturer who would care to make a binding guarantee like this. In fact, we couldn't do it ourselves were it not for our "Pre-Shrinking" Process, which is exclusively our own, and which no other manufacturer can use.

This process makes style and fit perpetual. It takes all the shrink tendency out of the goods before the cloth is ever touched with the shears. So that when the garments are made up they will not shrink,

get out of shape, wrinkle, pucker, bag nor draw up. The supreme stylishness which you note as you view yourself in the clothier's glass is *there to stay*.

Words like "best," "finest," and other superlatives, when used to describe garments of a certain kind, mean little to you.

But an absolute Guarantee of Satisfaction, backed by the capital and reputation of a big house like ours, means so much to you that in your own interest you must wear Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments and no others.

### These Are Our Claims—Our Guarantee is Back of Them

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments are supreme in style. No other garments can surpass them.

They are well made. The workmanship speaks for itself. Examine it. Compare. They fit perfectly, no matter what your build. Look at yourself in the glass.

And, because "PRE-SHRUNK," they retain their shape and remain good fitting and stylish until wear makes them unfit for service.

This style permanence can be secured

in no other garments, *no matter what you pay for them.*

Your dealer will gladly show you Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments in any of the popular fabrics for Fall and Winter at \$12.00 to \$30.00. Most people will find something to please them at \$15.00 to \$18.00.



To be sure of the Style Permanence which you crave, ask the dealer to show you this label, sewed in the garments, before you buy.

Our handsome STYLE BOOK will post you on the correct styles for Fall and Winter. Ask your dealer for it—or send to us direct, if you prefer. It's FREE. You should have it before deciding.

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When a book is mentioned in Collier's, and often when it is not, inquiries flow in about the publisher and the price, and sometimes a tentative sum of money is enclosed. The habit of reading books being one to encourage, we have decided to burden a branch of our organization regularly with the task of supplying books from any publisher to any of our readers. Inquiries should be addressed to Manager of the Book Department, Collier's, New York. The inquirer will be informed about the cost, and when his remittance is received the book or books will be sent on. Collier's thus becomes a headquarters for any books, *whether published by us or not*. The only advantage to us is in obliging a certain number of subscribers and also in helping on a tendency in which we happen to take an interest.

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Genuine JAP-A-LAC comes in green labeled cans and bears our trade mark. No other manufacturer knows how JAP-A-LAC is made.

It is absolutely impossible to reach the perfection attained except by going through the scientific research and experimental work which has made JAP-A-LAC the one colored varnish which can be used with perfect safety. Why be imposed upon with an imitation when you can obtain the genuine at the same price and at the same time be insured against unsatisfactory results?

We own and operate the largest and most complete varnish factory in the world. Our experience in making high grade varnish dates back forty years. Every dollar we spend in advertising JAP-A-LAC would jeopardize our reputation and mean certain failure to us if our statements were not true in every particular.

A small amount of JAP-A-LAC will quickly cover a disfigured spot on some piece of furniture, or refinish entirely a small table or some other surface of equal size. Any housewife who has once used JAP-A-LAC will never allow her home to look as it did before her acquaintance with this wonderful varnish. When she gets the habit of having everything "look like new" all the time, it will be impossible for her to go back to the old way.

JAP-A-LAC is manufactured in 18 beautiful colors and is intended for refinishing everything in the home from cellar to garret—scuffed and worn furniture, interior woodwork, floors, weather-beaten doors, chandeliers, tables, chairs, etc.

Thousands of dollars are saved every year by the use of this wonderful varnish. Housewives are becoming acquainted with what it means to JAP-A-LAC their household effects, realizing the immense saving.

We have so many suggestions to housekeepers of how to beautify their homes, that we have issued a little booklet that will be found invaluable. We shall be glad to send you one upon request, together with beautiful color card showing all the different colors of JAP-A-LAC. A postal will bring it.

**For Sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug Dealers. All sizes from 15c to \$2.50.**

If your dealer does not keep JAP-A-LAC, send us his name and the receipt for the same (which is 25c) to cover cost of mailing, and we will send FREE Sample (quarter pint can) to any point in the United States.

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How often after Marching or walking you hear the expression: "My feet feel damp and sore." **ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, a Powder to be shaken into the Shoes,** relieves Sweating Feet, absorbs moisture, prevents friction and allows the feet to move more freely in the shoes, thus keeping them easy and comfortable. It is always in demand for use in Patent Leather Shoes, for Dancing Parties and for Breaking in New Shoes.

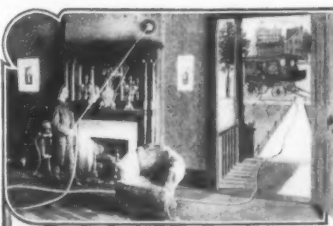
You can march twice as far and you won't get tired if you shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease. It is a certain preventive and cure for Tired, Aching, Chafed or Sore Feet, and for every irritation or inflammation of the feet.

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We will send PREPAID, Samples for Each Member of Marching Clubs if you will give us the address of the Captain or Secretary. Sold everywhere, 25c., or by mail. Address for FREE Samples, **ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.**



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**No Mouldy Flour—None Wasted**  
Clean, sanitary, economical. Holds 60 lbs.



**Flour Comes Out Sifted**  
As wanted, right over the table space—the most convenient place



**Sugar in Dust-Proof Metal Bin**  
Also over table space



**One-Third Extra Table Space**  
By pulling out genuine aluminum non-corroding table top

## How Mrs. Brown Did It

Just how Mrs. Alex. Brown could find time to make calls on her friends, or go down town, or do so much sewing, or read magazines and the latest books, was the subject of much discussion in Euclidberg.

Her housework did not drive her or worry her, because she had mastery over it.

It was not any nerve-racking, foot-wearying undertaking to do her daily duties. She worked on a system, systematically.

Calm, contented, bewitching Mrs. Brown had no copyright on serenity and contentment. She realized there was a certain amount of housework to be done every day; Alex. and the two boys had to have three good meals daily and a tidy home.

So instead of letting the grind and drudgery of kitchen work sink into her soul, and slowly but surely blight her happy life, she resolved to do as her husband told her the big manufacturers did—save work by improved processes, latest labor-saving machinery and brainy system.

So she set out to save it. A few steps here, a few minutes at this work, a few less times to bend over—save these three times every day, the saving amounts to something.

Mrs. Brown was a progressive woman, nothing narrow or old-fashioned or hidebound about her. She wanted to know about new things and use them.

Her sewing machine made sewing easier, the telephone saved many errands, the carpet sweeper made sweeping fun, the washing machine helped, the cabinet gas range and refrigerator, the water heater, all became part of her household equipment.

But somehow there seemed to remain a taint of drudgery, a suspicion of slavery, and unconsciously at first she began to dread the nagging toil of three meals a day, and cleaning up after these three meals were over.

The dread of toil makes worry and discontent.

It was not the actual cooking, for the transforming of raw material by skill into something delicious was really enjoyable, but it was the pattering around the kitchen, taking so many unnecessary steps, going to the pantry, to the stove, to the cupboard and to the sink.

A kitchen cabinet seemed to be the solution. Mrs. Brown found that the word—kitchen cabinet—like charity, would cover a multitude of "sins."

At the stores there were cabinets that looked like her "old cupboard"—shelves, and that is about all. Nothing labor-saving about them, she thought.

As she shopped she realized the great scientific problem that stood between her ideal of a kitchen labor-saver and what was offered for sale.

Mrs. Brown soon figured out she wanted something more than a cabinet. She needed a labor-saving machine, designed with as much forethought and experience as any other essential machine in business life.

She found it. Give Mrs. Brown credit for perseverance and brains, for rejecting what were not machines, not real labor-savers.

The Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet filled every requirement. The more she studied it the better she liked it. It was all there. A labor-saver, scientific, convenient, and not more expensive than others.

Mrs. Brown found these practical features just what she was looking for, but which are not found in any other kitchen cabinet.

The cabinet was solid oak, and would not warp in the heat of the kitchen, and her dealer guaranteed that it would not.

She found the Hoosier guarantee was an absolute protection to her. She realized she was taking chances with other cabinets.

She bought a Hoosier Cabinet and used it three times a day every day in the year. It actually was her ideal of a cabinet, and it is so simple, because 200,000 practical housekeepers, by their suggestions and ideas, have made it a real labor-saver.

This is how Mrs. Brown did it.

A booklet telling all about this labor-saving cabinet will be mailed to you on request. It is well worth reading, and is certainly worth sending for.

Hoosier Cabinets are found in every city in the United States. We will tell you your dealer's name.

Whether there is a merchant in your town handling a Hoosier or not, send to us for this booklet.

**THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY**

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In easy reach, by pulling out sliding cupboard shelf



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Easily cleaned—two compartments



**Can Sit Down and Work**  
Everything within easy reach



**A Labor Saver and Time Saver**  
Work quickly done